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ITALIAN POETS OF TO-DAY.*

It has been the vogue for a considerable time to speak of contemporary Italian literature as a negligible quantity; as at best a beautiful garden, now untended and unkempt, where the few flowers are all but undiscoverable among the wilderness of weedy growths—a garden illumined, it may be, by the sunset radiance of Carducci, or by the summer-lightning of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Generalizations of the kind are notoriously misleading. Guy de Maupassant trenchantly alluded to them as the boomerangs of the would-be clever, that on occasion might hit their object, but were more likely to return upon the thrower. The other day we read in a foreign summary that, since Walter Scott, no novelists of note had appeared in our country, and that since Byron the British muse had been silent. This statement is not further from the mark than that alluded to as common among us, nor than the rash assertion made a short time ago by one who ought to have known better, that there was not a latter-day poet, painter, or musician in Italy who stood above mediocrity—and this in the Italy of Carducci, of Segantini, of Verdi!

A juster note was struck a few years ago by one of the foremost French critics, the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, in whose now famous essay on the Latin Renaissance occur these significant words:—

L'Italie est à cette heure le foyer d'une véritable renaissance de la poésie et du roman. L'esprit, qui souffle où il veut, rallume là des clartés évanouies sous d'autres cieux.

In the same year an Italian critic of repute, Alberto Manzi, thus hopefully concludes "a summary and outlook":—

Young, strong, feverishly studious and laborious, Italy is passing through a fertile period of preparation which will before long lead to a great and

* 1. "Poesie." By Giosue Carducci (complete poetical works in one volume). Bologna: Zanichelli, 1900.

2. "Poesie Scelte"; "Valsolda"; etc. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Milan: Fratelli Treves, 1900.

3. "Dopo il Tramonto"; "Li Danaidi"; "Morgana"; etc. By Arturo Graf. Milan: Fratelli Treves, 1890-1901. "Medusa." By the same. (New edition.) Turin: Loescher, 1880.

4. "Fatalita"; "Tempeste"; etc. By Ada Negri. Milan: Fratelli Treves, 1895; 1896.

5. "Myricae." By Giovanni Pascoli. Livorno: Giusti, 1890. "Poemetti." By the same. Milan: Sandron, 1900.

6. "Poesie" (Edizione Definitiva): "La Gioconda": Francesca da Rimini"; etc. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milan: Fratelli Treves, 1896-1901. "La Canzone di Garibaldi." By the same. Florence: Barbiera, 1897.

7. "Dai Nostri Poeti Viventi." An anthology. Edited by Signora Eugenia Levi. Florence: Barbiera, 1891.

8. "Le Tendenze Presenti della Letteratura Italiana." By Fausto Squillace. Turin: Roux, 1899.

splendid display of her artistic, literary, and scientific vitality.

The truth must be sought somewhere between these optimistic declarations and the deep despondency of the late Ruggero Bonghi, who (writing, it must be remembered, some five or six years earlier, and at a time of exceptional national depression) expressed himself thus:—

In the literary life of the nation there are signs of the same languor that paralyzes its economical life. I see no sign of improvement. I should be very glad if there were a way out of so great a lethargy; but I do not find it. I think that the chief cause is the lack of any strong moral movement; there is nothing that agitates the public mind.

The gracious phrase of Monsieur de Vogüé not only aroused European attention, but was welcomed in Italy, and sank deep into the finer national consciousness. The distinguished French critic was accepted as a prophet. For Italy he foresees a worthy destiny. It is not, perhaps, the destiny dreamed of by those who carved the inchoate "geographical expression" into the solidarity of a united realm; or of those who to-day would strain the national resources for the *fata morgana* of a militant world-power; but it is a destiny at once high and possible. It is not, says M. de Vogüé truly, to be achieved by war, or with great ships. It is not a destiny to be won by the sword, but by the pen ("avec quelques condottieri de la plume").

But what is of more immediate concern is that the Vicomte de Vogüé discerns clearly what the student of contemporary Italian literature must realize if he is to form a just estimate, that there is in the Italian genius a conflict of two opposing influences, the one mystical, idealistic, austere, at times ascetic, the other sensual and pagan. Into this conflict of "les deux génies opposés, qui se disputèrent de tout temps l'âme italienne," has entered another element, the brooding spirit of the North. To the sadness and pessimism inherent in the Latin nature, along with the more obvious pagan delight in and absorbing preoccupation with life for life's sake, have come another sadness and another preoccupation. The "Melancolia" that Dürer limned in symbol, and De Quincey adumbrated in words, and the musicians of the North breathed in strange airs and harmonies; that Schopenhauer has disclosed, and Ibsen served, and Nietszche interpreted; that has inspired the Slavonic mind from Tolstoi and Turgéniev to Dostoievski and Maxim Gorki—this new melancholy (coming to Italy ever with a Teutonic aspect and accent) has taken its place in the Italian soul, to work for good or evil. We hear much of the pagan tendency of the Latin genius; to-day the thought of Italy is more colored with longing and bewilderment than with that hedonistic vision of life which is supposed to be the peculiar attribute of the peoples of the South. It is not D'Annunzio (as is so commonly assumed abroad) who is the true representative of the Italian mind, not even Carducci, the greatest of Italian poets since Leopardi; the true representatives are writers such as the northerners Antonio Fogazzaro, Arturo Graf, Ada Negri; as the southerners Mario Rapisardi, Giovanni Verga, Matilde Serao. In these the cry of revolt is against the conditions of life as produced by human wrong and folly. In Carducci it is a vain cry of revolt against the inevitable change of ideals and circumstances, a cry of longing for the life that was, the beauty that has decayed; the cry that finds utterance in verses like these—

L'ora presente è in vano, non fa che
percuotere e fugge:

Sol nel passato è il bello, sol ne la morte è il vero;[1]

the cry that in his militant prose echoes in phrases such as this: "Poetry to-day is useless from not having learned that it has no concern with the exigencies of the moment." When, however, we speak of a vain cry we mean only that echo of those poets who lament, not for what is gone and might yet be restored, but for what is irrecoverable; the echo, for example, of Leopardi, who wasted his powerful genius in a continuous lyrical lamentation. Carducci's strength stands revealed in degree as his inspiration and outlook transcend individual regret; his weakness stands as clearly revealed in that section of his poetical work wherein he cries insistently for the moon.

In D'Annunzio we hear another cry —the cry of revolt again, but of revolt against spiritual and intellectual *ennui*, of revolt against the wise tyranny of the actual, of revolt against that straight road of the commonweal, the *via media* which the wisdom of the ancients has projected far beyond us into the ages to follow; the cry of temperament, the cry of exacerbated nerves, the cry of the singer who thinks of the whole world as an air to be played delicately upon his flute, the cry of art withdrawn from the heart into the mind, the cry of egoism, of the supreme egotist.

It is because of this triple element in contemporary Italian literature—this mystical, idealistic, austere element, this sensual and pagan element, and this element of intellectual melancholy —"cette vraie maladie septentrionale," as M. Bourget calls it—that we shall do better to seek its reflection in the writings of a few typical minds rather than in the "immagine fluente" presented by the ampler but confused mirror of the literature of the day and hour—a mirror in which we may discover tendencies and tide-reach and ebb-fall, but too vast and complex for any but the broadest synthesis of what it reveals. And as this article is to deal with the outstanding features of recent Italian poetry, and not with the complex physiognomy of fiction, the selection should comprise only the most significant figures—Carducci and Arturo Graf and D'Annunzio, Antonio Fogazzaro and Ada Negri and Giovanni Pascoli. Among the rest are many poets of fine achievement, one or two of rare excellence, whom to pass by here is not to ignore.

There has been a singular undulatory movement in Italian literature during the last quarter of a century. A wave of talent gathers from the still lagoons, but is barely discerned, at most has moved only a short way, before it lapses; then again the listless waste; then again a wave; and so the melancholy rhythm alternates. But in each successive period the wave is wider, perhaps also deeper. If, in the intervals, the sad prophets have been wont to lament with Bonghi, the more hopeful have been too apt to hail the wave when it comes as no less than an upheaval of the Risorgimento. Both in some degree mislead; but it is wiser to go a little astray with the eager than to stumble in the slough of despond. To-day three main factors act as deterrents on Italian literature: the absence of a united national ideal; the continually more conspicuous recession of religious faith in the direction of a callous formalism; and the profound discontent with existing conditions, political, social, economic, which finds vent in the steady growth of a crude socialism, and, concurrently, in a gathering disbelief in the stability

[1] The present hour is as naught; it is gone even as it sounds In the past alone is Beauty: only in death is the True.

of the monarchical rock against the coming flood.

Under these depressing influences, it is to "Young Italy" that the nation looks above all for salutary inspiration. The high hopes, the passionate Risorgimento of the days of the Austrian struggle, of the Garibaldian liberation, of the Mazzinian gospel of emancipation, of the triumph of Rome, of the Unification, seem to have lapsed. Heavy taxation, the strain of supporting a great army and a powerful navy, the disastrous enterprise in Abyssinia, the futile dreams of colonial empire, the slow disintegration of monarchical influence, the growth of a hostile socialism, the apparition of the anarchist, the bitter trade-rivalry with France, the tragic assassination of the devoted head of the state, son of the Liberator-King, the financial scandals in Rome, the labor-risings from Milan to Palermo, the recurrent ferment in Sicily, the misery of Apulia, the gradual depopulation of Calabria—all this, and more, has moved "immortal Italy" to its depths. It is a welcome augury that, in despite of all, the nation does not despair; that her statesmen hope; that her poets and dreamers proclaim a new day. "If only we could believe in the honesty and far-sightedness of those set above us, we would shape our destiny as our noblest and truest discern it"—that is what one hears everywhere, from Genoa to Venice, from Messina to Milan.

Alas! that "prevalent political leprosy," on which Ruggero Bonghi so continually laid sad insistence, is more than all else accountable for the trouble. The Neapolitans have a saying—"Every one is unsettled when Vesuvius is restless"; and, unfortunately, there is a moral Vesuvius which keeps the intellectual activities of the nation in a feverish excitation when it is not in a torpor of hesitancy. Here we have the chief clue to that ominously frequent ebb and flow to which allusion has been made. The causes act so potently that the results immediately follow; for example, after 1887, a year of great despondency and disquietude, the publications of 1888 were fewer by some three hundred. No wonder that in this year Bonghi wrote, "In all that makes literature, my native country has certainly grown feeble and weary, and is growing more so every year." For the next year or two almost nothing of note appeared. A young poet, Mario di Siena, a youth of seventeen, on whom high hopes were set, proved to be but one of the innumerable *stelle cadenti*. Even that new meteor, D'Annunzio, showed himself at his weakest in "Giovanni Episcopo."

In 1891 the slow wave began to lift again. Carducci published his noble and patriotic lyrical epic, "Piemonte"; and the marked success which met Signora Eugenia Levi's delightful anthology, "Dai Nostri Poeti Viventi," showed that not only was Italy "a nest of singing birds," but that a public far wider than had been foreseen waited ready to listen. Three well-known writers of charming verse added to their reputation by the publication of collective editions about this time—Guido Mazzoni, Giovanni Marradi, and Aurelio Costanzo; and the "Carducci of the South," the Sicilian master-poet, Mario Rapisardi, made all the insurgent element of Italy re-echo with the fierce lyrical cries of his "Giustizia," while at the same time he won the admiration of the critics by his delicate "Empedocle." The brief wave culminated before the lapse of 1893 in the beautiful "Myricae" of Giovanni Pascoli, one of the freshest, most winsome, and happiest of modern Italian books; in an "outburst" of the minor Sicilian poets, fired, perhaps, by Rapisardi's return to popularity—

notably Eliodoro Lombardi, Ragusa Moleti, and Ugo Ojetti; in a work of unusual sobriety and distinction by D'Annunzio, namely his "Elegie Romane"; and, above all, in the appearance of that remarkable book "Fatalità," by Ada Negri, with its cry of the dumb and the poor, of the inarticulate suffering of labor, of the vaguely insurgent multitude, of the angry clang (to use the poet's own words) of the enchained masses striking into the silver flutes of those in high places.

Then again the ebbing wave. The monotonous months of the next year or two are relieved by only one newcomer of promise, Alfredo Baccelli, with "Vittime e Ribelli."[2] Even Carducci, Rapisardi, and D'Annunzio fail respectively in "Il Cadore," "Atlantide," and "Odi Navale." The subsequent period would be a blank but for the modest appearance of three young writers of promise, the Sicilian Cesareo, the Roman Diego Angeli, the Lombard Antonio della Porta. It must be admitted that the outlook to-day is not more encouraging than it was a decade ago; perhaps less so, since Carducci is now all but silent, and the mature writers of the younger group, with the exception of Giovanni Pascoli, reveal no advance upon what they achieved before 1890. It has been pre-eminently the period of D'Annunzio and the D'Annunzieggianti," though the fame of this writer is perhaps greater throughout the continent than in the peninsula, where he is still looked upon somewhat askance, as a clever but audacious and refractory ward is looked upon by an anxious guardian. With justice, too, the Italians resent the frequent assertion abroad that Gabriele D'Annunzio stands alone as representative of the intellectual Italy of to-day, as with justice the Belgians resent the like common assertion in connection with Maurice Maeterlinck.

Within the last three or four years there have been signs of the returning tide. The low-water mark was probably touched in 1897-8, a period barren of any signal literary achievement. True, the much discussed poetess, Ada Negri, published her fine volume of drab-colored verse, "Tempeste"—a lyrical series which reveals, however, no advance upon "Fatalità," while all that stood for weakness in that remarkable first book by an Italian woman in humble life is notably emphasized. It would be unfair to say that this slack period was absolutely barren, for both in the verse and prose which deserved critical attention were one or two instances of fine work accomplished, and at least two or three of promise. But, as an able critic, Vicenzo Morello, has said,

> these fragile blossoms of song appear one day and disappear the next in that blighting wind of indifference which has so long prevailed from the Alps of the north to the slopes of Etna. ("Nell' Arte e nella Vita.")

Nevertheless, there is evident an awakening of public interest in national literature, probably in some degree because of the "commemorations" celebrated near the close of the century, with their stirring historical reminiscences and inspiring literary associations—Amerigo Vespucci, Paolo Toscanelli, Savonarola, Leopardi, Bernini, and others. From the standpoint of letters the period is notable for the immense stride in Italian and European reputation made by one writer, Gabriele D'Annunzio. In one year, in the twelvemonth comprising the otherwise somewhat barren period 1898-9, this writer's amazing output included

[2] Signor Baccelli is now Under-Secretary of State, and, in his two spheres of influence, one of the outstanding personalities of the younger generation.

the three long dramas published in book form, "La Città Morta," "La Gioconda," and "La Gloria," and the two shorter dramas separately issued as the "Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera" and the "Sogno d'un Tramonto d'Autunno."[3] "La Gioconda" and "La Città Morta" have been read and discussed throughout Europe; and the former has been acted in London and Paris as well as in the chief Italian cities. "La Gloria," D'Annunzio's most ambitious dramatic attempt, was unsuccessful on the stage; and, though some of the leading Italian critics spoke of this strange, not to say somewhat enigmatic play with high praise, their appreciation was never endorsed by that of the public. Already known as a poet and novelist, D'Annunzio had now challenged criticism as a dramatist. But while radical differences of opinion exist as to the significance and value of his achievement in this direction, there can surely be little question as to the wealth of imaginative energy and the continual miracle of art poured forth in these dramas, most notably perhaps in that sombre and terrible play of the buried city, which (with one or two exceptions) has been so inadequately considered by English critics; or in "La Gioconda," of which an eminent Italian critic, Guido Biagi, has aptly said, "In any case 'La Gioconda' has brought into the theatre a breath of fresh and fragrant poetry, which might have come from the blossoming gardens of the Renaissance"; or in that masterpiece of poignant beauty, the "Dream of a Spring Morning," where, in combined loveliness and terror, we find something akin to that Elizabethan magic we prize so highly in Webster, in Ford, in Beaumont and Fletcher.

We cannot in this article further discuss D'Annunzio's achievement in imaginative drama, nor his work in this respect as compared with that of Arrigo Boito, Felice Cavallotti, Severino Ferrari, Cossa, and above all Giuseppe Giacosa. But the drift of the most authoritative opinion, foreign and native, is that D'Annunzio has revealed no compelling genius, perhaps not even a genuine talent, for the drama, except as a form of literary expression. All the faults and shortcomings of this perplexing writer are of a nature to render nugatory his ambition to become "the Wagner of the drama." His latest effort, "Francesca da Rimini," has signally failed on the stage; but its beauty and charm, and above all its vividness, are brought out by perusal in book form. The drama, moreover, should be read as the first of the "Malatesta" trilogy. The author has practically finished the second of the series, "Parisina"; and is now at work upon the third, "Sigismundo Malatesta."

The close of the nineteenth and the dawn of the twentieth century were not wholly engrossed by "the Deputy for Beauty"—to adopt M. de Vogüé's phrase—and the D'Annunzieggianti,[4] though his fame was enhanced by the furore which followed the publication of "Il Fuoco"; by the announcement of the long-expected volume of mature verse, "Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra, e degli Eroi," and of the forthcoming "Francesca da Rimini"; by the public readings and actual publication of the first instalment of the lyrical epic, "La Canzone di Garibaldi." An important new book, besides a volume

[3] The first and third of a dramatic quartet called "I Sogni delle Stagioni" (Dreams of the Four Seasons), of which the "Sogno d'un Meriggio d'Estate" and "Sogno d'una Notte d'Inverno" are as yet unpublished.

[4] Notably Domenico Tumiati, Antonio della Porta, Angelo Orvieto, Diego Angeli, Angelo Conti.

of notable essays and addresses, by Antonio Fogazzaro; "Poemetti," a second collection of lovely verse by Giovanni Pascoli, whose "Myricæ" contains some of the most charming of contemporary Italian poetry, and whose idyllic muse has gained him the title, "il Virgilio di nostro tempo"; Vittoria Aganoor's "Leggenda Eterna"; the exquisitely chiselled "Primavera Fiorentina" of Severino Ferrari, of some of whose earlier work Carducci wrote, "If Petrarch were among us to-day he would be proud of this"; Arrigo Boito's much discussed "Nerone"; Arturo Graf's "Morgana"; the brilliant colloquial sonnet-sequence of Cesare Pascarella; the new edition of the "Musica antica per Chitarra" of Domenico Tumiati, foremost of the "Symbolists"; the recently published "Verso l'Oriente" of Angelo Orvieto, the young author of "Sposa Mistica"—these, and others whom it would be wearisome to enumerate, suffice to show both the vitality and variety of the new "Risorgimento." Perhaps the most significant indication of the existence of an Italian public really interested in imaginative literature is the publication, in a single volume at a moderate price, of all the poetry of Carducci; and the fact that this (for an Italian publisher) daring venture has achieved a wide success. But the true hope is here—that all Young Italy reproves despondency, and looks forward with courage and determination. It believes in itself, in its national vocation, in the national destiny; it maintains the survival, within itself, of the ancient spirit of the ancient genius. "It sleeps, that antique spirit," wrote Carducci many years ago, "it sleeps, but is not dead; and as a sleeper wakes, so shall it wake, and to a new day."

When, some pages back, we spoke of the three chief deterrent influences working on the intellectual and spiritual life of the nation, we might have added that in yet another vital respect the writers of Italy are seriously affected. In no other European country, with the possible exception of Spain, is there so marked a divergence between the language of letters and the language of common use, between literary and colloquial speech. The "reading-public" in Italy is amazingly small in relation to the population, if we compare it with that of France, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Great Britain. But the ordinary speech of this relatively small reading-public is quite as distinct from literary diction as is, let us say, the vernacular of London or New York from the ornate periods of Johnson, Gibbon, or Macaulay; and, moreover, it has not even the vital connection which, in English, underlies the obvious divergence. No wonder that Carducci, the most polished living master of Italian, is all but incomprehensible to many of his intelligent compatriots, who find even Antonio Fogazzaro and Emilio De Marchi, Giovanni Verga and Matilde Serao (the most vernacular of the eminent writers of the day) using a diction which in private life would seem alien, if not wholly artificial. For Italy is above all others the country of dialectical speech. That this barrier is being overcome, and that the directed efforts of the ablest writers and educationalists concur with the slow but steady improvement of the mental training of the masses (i.e. of all classes, from the professional to the poorest, even in densely ignorant Calabria and remote Sicily), affords promise that a truly great national literature will in due time arise in Italy. Fortunately there has always been the connecting bridge of "popular literature"—i.e. the colloquial and dialectical local poetry in which Italy has ever been so rich.

Like so many others of his country-

men now writing circumspectly of the problems, the developments, and the collective movement of Italian literature, the late Ruggero Bonghi (whom we specify as a representative critic) did not realize that the so-called "pagan" or "barbaric" movement headed by Carducci was, and is, one of those inevitable life-seeking movements which periodically occur in every literature, when old ways have become outworn; or, again, that a regenerative movement of this kind may have to turn backward in order to rediscover the forward way. A large part, possibly the greater and the more vital part, of contemporary Italian literature turns thus upon an apparently retrograde way, turns upon what is called the classical revival. The famous veteran at Bologna is its accepted leader. But neither Carducci nor his adherents (who now comprise nearly all the younger writers of note) attempt a revival of the kind so often imputed. It is not mere imitation of the past that is the end in view, but, by discreetly following the same avenues of art as those by which the great poets of old reached their goal, to reach in turn the same or a still higher goal. To this end it was necessary to break away from the conventions which had so hampered, not to say devitalized, modern Italian literature. It was not thought or inspiration only that had to grow new wings; not poetry only, but metre itself had to shed its old chrysalis and break into a new life.

In every new intellectual movement the feature of exaggeration is inevitable; without exaggeration no new energy is likely to force its way. It was long, and to some extent still is, the wont in Italy to impute to Carducci an almost perverse exaggeration, not only as to his intellectual standpoint (that of a modern man consistently looking backward), or as to his lifelong effort to recreate in the Italian vernacular the dignity and beauty of the vernacular of Horace and Catullus, but as to wilful obscurity in point of metrical diction. The obscurity of Carducci is not that of congested thought and crowded images, as in Browning; nor that of the dazzle of continual byplay, as in George Meredith; nor again that of careful and calculated occultism, as in Mallarmé. It is rather the "obscurity" of extreme light, such as that which the earliest critics of Leconte de Lisle, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Baudelaire and Hérédia, found in the classically pure diction of those writers. Carducci has little in common with writers like Mallarmé, with whom he is often ignorantly compared. He is rather the Italian *confrère* of Leconte de Lisle, of José Maria Hérédia, but is more "human," more of his day and hour, than the supreme French classicist in verse, and has a spiritual earnestness alien to the cold beauty of M. Hérédia's "perfected ivory." At the same time it cannot be denied that, both in remote allusion and in calculated Latinity of diction, he is occasionally pedantic; and it would be easy to cull from his writings lines and even quatrains or passages which would justify the complaint frequently heard in Italy that "Carducci is difficult, often even unintelligible." Then, too, his Italian is so far from colloquial that even when clear to a compatriot it is difficult to render adequately in English, for sometimes the difference is a constitutional difference of racial genius as well as of speech, as, to choose at random an instance, the final quatrain of the lovely poem, "Su Monte Mario":—

Su le rovine de la basilica
Di Zeno al sole sibili il colubro,
Ancor canterai nel deserto
I tedi insonni de l'infinito.

But these occasional defects are mere

specks on the polished mirror of Carducci's poetry, at once so beautiful, so distinguished, so antique, so modern, the only poetry of to-day which can be compared with that of Leconte de Lisle and Alfred de Vigny, with that of the poet's greater predecessors, above all with that of his chosen master, Catullus. Every great poet is in a sense a metrical inventor; and, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne, there is no living master of metre, particularly of classical metres, comparable with Giosuè Carducci. In a word, it is not by their exaggerations that we are to judge Carducci and the writers who follow his lead, or the intellectual fellowships typified by Antonio Fogazzaro, Arturo Graf, Ada Negri, Giovanni Pascoli, or Gabriele D'Annunzio and the D'Annunzieggianti. All these have to be judged by their range of thought, the object of their aim, and their actual achievement.

The student of Italian literature, therefore, will do well to put aside as irrelevant nearly all that he reads or hears as to the "pseudo-classicism" of Carducci and the rest who participate in that vital movement at the head of which he stands. For it is a movement of life, not of an artificially stimulated erudition; a movement of fresh energy, not a spurred effort. It is in truth part of a "movement," of an uplifted life that is not confined to this or that leader and his following, nor to Italy, nor even to the Latin countries, but is co-extensive with the human mind. Already, we perceive, Italy has left behind the conditions indicated by Lamartine in a once notorious passage of the "Pèlerinage d'Harold," where she is alluded to as

Poussière du passé, qu'un vent stérile
agite,

a phrase which, with the added "Je vais chercher ailleurs . . . des hommes et non pas de la poussière humaine," brought the French poet a "cartel" from an indignant Italian patriot, the once celebrated General Pepe.

In a broad classification, then, as already indicated, Antonio Fogazzaro and Arturo Graf stand for the North, Giosuè Carducci and Giovanni Pascoli for the Centre (and this not only in the geographical sense), and Gabriele D'Annunzio for the South, as well as for that neo-paganism, neo-Hellenism, and very modern (and, we may add, world-old) hedonism which too often is the dignified verbal raiment of a very unworthy thing, generally more crudely designated.

Although Fogazzaro and Graf are the most distinctive of the northerners, they differ materially. The elder and more famous is the François Millet of Italian literature, but a Millet of a far wider intellectual and æsthetic range than the great Frenchman. The pathos and dignity of suffering, of sorrow, of the heavy burden bravely borne; the nobility of faith and courage; the beauty of simplicity in life and art; the charm of tenderness and the sustaining power of love —these are the sources of this writer's genius, both in prose and verse. But, pure as is his Italian, virile and idiomatic, the color of his mind is distinctively northern, Teutonic. So might a Scandinavian, an Englishman, a German, write, were he equally gifted, and were he an adopted Italian, settled in that northern Alpine region of the lakes, so well loved, sung, and praised by Fogazzaro. That gentle but all-pervading melancholy of his, too—so different from the disdainful stoicism of Carducci, the baffled despair of writers such as Ada Negri, the life-weariness of Graf, the *ennui* of D'Annunzio, the hard pessimism of Rapisardi and Verga—is likewise northern. But it would be a mistake to think of Fogazzaro as a sentimentalist, not-

withstanding the sentimentality of some of his work. He stands for what is finest in the Italian nature; and the love and reverence in which he is held afford the best proof of his high significance in contemporary literature. "Valsolda" (in whose beautiful valley he has passed the better part of his life) has become a signal-word in Italy, for it is now identified with some of the loveliest verse and much of the noblest prose of the day, is, indeed, associated with a noble personal ideal, the ideal of a simple, strong, much-suffering, yet ever brave and serene life. "Our Walter Scott," Giacosa has called Antonio Fogazzaro.

But he, too, like Arturo Graf—though not as a fascinated victim, rather as one greatly dreading yet sustained by faith—has looked at times overfearfully in the face of that new tragic muse of the modern world, "Madre Dolorosa." In his remarkable study on "Sadness in Art,"[5] Fogazzaro writes:—

Senza tenerezza, senza fiamma . . . la potenza sua fascinatrice è nella grandiosità del suo dolore stesso, è l'idea pura, fatta marmo, dell' universale dolore, del dolore che oscura presto o tradi ogni vita umana.

The words have the color of Fogazzaro's mind, and show, as a tinted map, the color of a vast region in the Italian thought of to-day. In the same essay he speaks of "la innocenza magnifica della natura"; but he and those of his spiritual fellowship trust little to this "magnificent innocence," and for the most part look habitually into life, not only as in a glass darkly, but as into a dark pool, heavy with the shadow of ancient sorrow and obscure menace. True, Fogazzaro is not a pessimist; he has not the steel-bound gloom of Graf, whose impeccable verse is forged rather than moulded. But in his poems and novels, notably in "Il Mistero del Poeta," and in the excellent monograph on his life-work by Sebastiano Rumor,[6] and, above all, in his always intimate and profoundly sincere "addresses"—as, for example, when he spoke in Rome in 1893 on "The Origin of Man and the Religious Sentiment," or, recently, at the Collegio Romano, on "I Misteri dello Spirito Umano"—a deep and native melancholy pervades even the most ardent words of faith and hope, and underlies all but the sunniest and most debonair of his poems. Nevertheless, his influence is wholly for good—the foremost moral influence now moulding Young Italy. Seldom is the biographer more literally truthful than Sebastiano Rumor in writing, "In tutta Italia il nome di Antonio Fogazzaro, poeta e romanziere, è riverito ed amato."

Though all the poetry of Fogazzaro is worth familiarity (particularly for those who feel the underlying charm of his prose romances), the foreign reader may be content with the "Selected Poems," published in Milan in 1898; the more so as it is not in the longer poetical compositions, such as the versified novel "Miranda," but in the shorter poems that he is to be found at his best. One of these, a poem representative of the author's mastery over the cadence of simple Italian prosody, may fitly be quoted here:—

LA SERA.

(*Le Campane di Oria*)

Ad occidente il ciel si discolora,
Vien l' ora—de le tenebre,
Da gli spiriti mali,
Signor, guarda i mortali!
Oriamo.

(*Le Campane di Osteno*)

Pur noi su l' onde
Moviam da queste solitarie sponde
Voci profonde.

[5] "Il Dolore nell' Arte." (Milan, 1901.)

[6] "A. Fogazzaro. La Sua Vita, le Sue Opere, i Suoi Critici." By Sebastiano Rumor. (Milan, 1896.)

Da gli spiriti mali,
Signor, guarda i mortali!
Oriamo.

(*Le Campane di Furia*)
Pur noi remote ed alte
Fra le buie montagne
Odi, Signore.
Da gli spiriti mali
Guarda i mortali!
Oriamo.

(*Echi delle Valli*)
Oriamo.

(*Tutte le Campane*)
Il lume nasce e muore;
Che riman dei tramonti e delle aurore?
Tutto, Signore,
Tranne l' Eterno, al mondo
E vano.

(*Echi delle Valli*)
E vano.

(*Tutte le Campane*)
Oriamo, oriamo in pianto,
Da l' alto e dal profondo,
Pei morti e pei viventi,
Per tanta colpa occulta e dolor tanto
Pietà, Signore!
Tutto il dolore
Che non ti prega,
Tutto l' errore
Che ti diniega.
Tutto l' amore
Che a te non piega,
Perdona, O Santo.

(*Echi delle Valli*)
O Santo.

(*Tutte le Campane*)
Oriam per i dormienti
Del cimitero
Che dicon rei, che dicono innocenti,
E tu, Mistero,
Solo tu sai.

(*Echi delle Valli*)
Solo tu sai.

(*Tutte le Campane*)
Oriam per il profondo
Soffrir del mondo,
Che tutto vive e sente,
Ama, dolora,
Giudizio arcano de l' Onnipo tente.
Sia pace al monte, a l' onda.
Al bronzo ancora
Sia pace.

(*Echi delle Valli*)
Pace.[1]

There is perhaps no stranger apparition in contemporary Italian literature than Arturo Graf. Called the Hérédia of Italy, because of the classic ideal and impeccable form of his verse, he is the son of an Italian mother by a German father. He was born at Athens, nurtured in Greece—that Greece whose art he has mastered, but whose temperament he has not inherited, having been endowed instead with the world-sadness of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche—and transplanted while still young to Roumania, whence in early manhood he came to Milan. In the insensity of his irremediable pessimism he can be compared with no French poet save the anonymous author of the "Chants de Maldoror," with no English poet save James Thomson of "The City of Dreadful Night"; and nothing in the

[1] Evening. (The Bells of Oria)—In the west the heavens redden; the hour of darkness comes. From all evil spirits, Lord, guard Thy children. Let us pray! (The Bells of Osteno)—We also, by the waters lift up our deep voices from these lonely shores. From all evil spirits, Lord, guard Thy children. Let us pray! (The Bells of Furia)—Us, too, remote and high among the shadowy hills, hear us, Lord! From all evil spirits guard Thy children. Let us pray! (Echoes from the Valleys)—Let us pray! (All the Bells)—The light is born, and dies; what remains of sunsets or dawns? All, Lord, all of this world, all save the eternal, is vain. (Echoes from the Valleys)—Is vain! (All the Bells)—Let us pray, let us pray, from mountain-height and shadowy vale, for the living and for the dead, for all secret wrong and sorrow, have pity, Lord! All sorrow that doth not come to Thee in prayer, all error that denieth Thee, all love that doth not seek Thee, have pity upon it, O Holy One! (Echoes from the Valleys)—O Holy One! (All the Bells)—Let us pray for those sleeping the long sleep of the grave; for those who are accounted sinners, and for those accounted without sin! For Thou alone, Mysterious Spirit, Thou only knowest all. (Echoes from the Valleys)—Thou only knowest all. (All the Bells)—Let us implore for the deep suffering of the world, which lives and feels, loves and grieves, the hidden judgment of the Almighty. Let there be peace upon the hill-side, by the waters! On the bells themselves, peace? (Echo from the Valleys)—Peace!

fantastically sombre verse of Nietzsche suggests the same profound depths of gloom. But Graf's terrible sadness, his almost elemental melancholy, has never the suggestion of anything ignoble, as in "Maldoror" or Baudelaire; it is never the mere rhetoric of spiritual collapse and despair, as sometimes in James Thomson; nor is it the outcome of intellectual fever, or of the tortured nerves, or of a powerful mind habitually apt to lose its equilibrium, as with the author of "Thus spake Zarathustra." He gathers up all the hopelessness of Italy, of the world, of the human soul; moulds it in tears and longing, and the unutterable sadness of sorrow without hope; and reveals it to us in lovely image after image, in chiselled verse of perfect form, in a beauty rendered almost unnaturally poignant. In a far deeper sense than the somewhat blatant "Lucifer" of Mario Rapisardi, than the magnificently rhetorical "Hymn to Satan" of Carducci, Graf's "Buried Titan" (in the very remarkable poem "La Cittá dei Titani," in the volume called "Le Danaidi") may be said to symbolize the bewildered attitude of the modern mind. So absolutely does he differ from the Latin temperament that he remains cold even before the inspiration of woman. Neither the beautiful actuality nor the seductive visionary type moves this modern St Anthony. In all his writings we remember no verse in the slightest degree recalling these eminently Carduccian lines (from "Ruit Hora," perhaps the loveliest poem in the first "Odi Barbare"):—

Fra le tue nere chiome, o bianca Lidia,
Langue una rosa pallida;
E una dolce a me in cuor tristezza subita
Tempra d' amor gl' incendii [8]

Nor has he ever any such cry to the lesser destinies as—

O desiata verde solitudine
Lungi al rumor degli uomini!
Qui due con noi divini amici vengono
Vino ed amore, O Lidia. [9]

If once or twice we think we hear the cry of passion, it is only that of disillusion or brooding incertitude.

O woman, the darkness in thine eyes is the darkness of night;
Thy soul, too, is obscure and mysterious as the sea, as this obscure sea
Which engulfs in its flowing side the plunging prow.
I see thy dark hair; in thy pale, beautiful face
I see the wandering fires of thine eyes; I see thy laughter-parted rosy lips;
But into thy soul, into that darkness, no, I do not see.

And yet this is the poet who, in his beautiful reminiscences ("Dal Libro dei Ricordi"), writes thus of his dear home at the foot of the slope where the Parthenon rears its sacred outline ("la dolce casa . . . sulla cui cima altero il Partenon drizza la sacra mole"):—

Avea presso un giardin, triste e severo,
Benchè di rose pieno e di viole,
E un gran cipresso, avviluppato e nero,
Aduggiava di fredda ombra le ajuole.

V' era, pien d' acqua, e di figure adorno,
Un sarcofago antico, alla cui sponda
Veniano a ber le rondini del cielo.

Alto silenzio tenea l' aria intorno,
E nella pace estatica e profonda
Non si vedea crollar foglia nè stelo. [10]

[8] In thy dark hair, O white Lidia, a pale rose languishes; in my heart suddenly a sweet sadness softens the flame of love.

[9] O longed-for green solitude, far from the rumor of men; hither have come with us our two divine friends, Wine and Love, O Lidia.

[10] Near by was a garden, sad and austere; for all that it was full of roses and violets; perhaps because of the great cypress, a pyramid of green darkness, which cast its chill shadow athwart the garden-ways.

There, too, with carven figures and full of water, stood an antique sarcophagus, where the swallows loved to dip and drink.

Truly, as has been said of him, Arturo Graf may see as a Hellene, and write in Italian, his maternal tongue, but it is the sad northern soul, "l'anima tedesca," which speaks in his poetry. In "Idea Fissa," one of the most notable poems in his first book, "Dopo il Tramonto" ("After Sundown"), he reveals, consciously or unconsciously, the overwhelming prepossession of a single idea which all his life has bewitched his imagination and entranced his mind. His muse, in a word, is Death, whether he call her "Morte Regina," or "Morte Guerriera," or "Regina del Mondo," or veil his sombre passion under an antique name, as in that strange and terrible second book, "Medusa":—

O mia lugubre Musa
Implacabile Erinni,
Tu dal mio labbro fai proromper gl' inni
Venenati, O Medusa![11]

There is, however, more variety, along with still more evident beauty and mastery, in Graf's third book, "Le Danaidi," published in 1897. A few months ago appeared his "Morgana," in which, though there is no poem to compare with Città dei Titani" of the "Danaidi" volume, nor any sequence to parallel the Athenian "Libro dei Ricordi" in "Dopo il Tramonto," a more serene spirit, somewhat of a wise hedonism, is revealed. We even encounter lines such as—

. . . nell' aria chiara
Cantano i mandolini—
I mandolini arguti
Dalle voci tremanti,
Onde perdon lor vanti
Arpe, flauti, liuti.
Cantano, gioja, amore!

which surprise one almost as though one were to come upon an ode of Anacreon in the text of Ecclesiastes! Nevertheless, "Ruit Hora" might be the apt title of the book, and its motto the couplet to which so much music and thought and longing are attuned—

Mio vecchio core, mio povero core,
Perchè se' tu così triste e inquieto;

or that undernote that is never lost—

Passato è 'l tempo ge' teneri inganni,
Passato è l' ora propizia all' amore.

The book closes with a short poem, "Explicit," which might well stand as epilogue to all its sad beauty—a sadness not wholly in vain, for it is the sadness of a fine and noble spirit, and as such is accepted in Italy, and so is become in a sense representative:—

EXPLICIT.

Non uno de' ben vani, in ch' io già confidai,
Mi tenne fede mai:
Ciò mi riempie il core, che a soffrir mal s' avvezza,
D' una grande amarezza.

Non una delle colpe, ch' io commisi in mia vita,
E rimasta impunita:
Ciò mi riempie il core (povera, nuda stanza!)
D' una grande speranza.[12]

There is an even greater difference between the pessimism of Ada Negri, whose "Fatalità" has had in Italy a wider acceptance than almost any other recent book of verse, and that of Arturo Graf, than between Graf's and Leopardi's. Leopardi was the exponent of the malady of his age: Graf is the poet of the soul's secret

A deep stillness brooded in the air around: the peace was a husht ecstasy, wherein no stem moved, no leaf quivered.

[11] O sombre and dread Muse, implacable Erinnys, thou makest these lips sing poisoned hymns, O Medusa!

[12] Not one good thing, now lost, in which once I put all my trust, has ever remained with me; and this has filled my heart, even now so ill-accustomed to suffer, with a great bitterness.

Not one of all the faults I have committed in my life but has had to pay its penalty: and this has filled my heart (poor, bare habitation) with a great hope.

dread and despair: Ada Negri is of the many whose strength lies in wild protest, fierce denunciation, in scorn and reproach, and the voice of social misery. Her poetry has the swift movement and lyrical vehemence of the early revolutionary poems of Swinburne, or of Victor Hugo' "Les Châtiments"; but it has also the faults of these, and that in an exaggerated degree. An instance from the same poem ("Sfida"—"Defiance" or "Challenge") will suffice. We sympathize when she cries—

E sei tu dunque, tu, mondo bugiardo,
Che vuoi celarmi il sol de gl' ideali;[13]

but we only smile at the rhetoric of—

O grasso mondo d' oche e di serpenti,
Mondo vigiacco, che tu sia dannato;
Fiasso lo sguardo ne gli astri fulgenti
Io niovo incontro al fato.[14]

Many of us have been Ada Negris in our day. As we grow older we not only do not call our fellows geese and serpents, but even settle down to tolerate them with kindly complacency. Ada Negri herself, revolutionist, socialist, *intransigeante*, is now the Signora Garlanda, the wife of a wealthy Milanese bourgeois.

Nevertheless, there is in her work a power to influence. Its secret may be discerned in the poem in "Fatalità" called "Senza Nome" ("Nameless"), wherein she speaks of herself as "an enigma of hate and love, of violence and gentleness," and says that throughout her life "an evil spirit has followed me step by step, and an angel with hands clasped in prayer." It is the combination in her of class-hatred and feminine unselfishness which has won her so many friends; and the secret of her influence is, on the one side, the frank recognition of the power of absorbing love to ennoble circumstance, as in that passionate and vivid poem, "Popolana" ("A Girl of the People"), and, on the other, her grandiose vision of the congregated sorrows and sufferings of the world, as in the burning lines of the unforgettable "I Vinti" ("The Vanquished")—"Behold them, in hundreds, in thousands, in millions, in countless hordes; from their serried ranks rises a rumor as of distant thunder. . . . Alas, alas, we are the vanquished!"

To turn from this tempestuous emotion and troubled art to the serene air of Carducci—though he, too, is the poet of revolt—or to the languorous beauty of D'Annunzio's verse, or to the exquisite art and natural charm of Pascoli, is to exchange the noise and sordidness of a manufacturing town for the intellectual peace of a library, or the charmed stillness of a cloister, or the gladness of a spring day in the open. Books such as Giovanni Pascoli's "Myricae" and the maturer and finer "Poemetti" bring into Italian literature to-day something of what Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson, in a fresh vivid naturalism, brought into English poetry. So now we come to the two most eminent names in Italy to-day—to the old king and the insurgent prince, Giosuè Carducci and Gabriele D'Annunzio.

It is now nearly thirty years since the "Hymn to Satan"—that modern "classic" of spiritual and intellectual revolt—electrified Italy. To-day it will be read without the same answering thrill, perhaps even with lessened admiration. Rhetoric has not the staying-power of the grave ecstasy that is perfected art; and this, perhaps the most famous lyrical poem of the last half-century, is largely superb rhetoric. Nevertheless, the fragrance and the

[13] It is thou, then, thou lying world, that would'st conceal from me the sun of the ideal.
[14] O fat world, swarming with geese and serpents, wretched world, may damnation be your lot! With my gaze fixt on the shining stars, I move onward to my destiny.

bloom are still upon that unique flower, grown in the troubled solitudes of spiritual desire. Nor, to vary the metaphor, have the echoes yet died away, in any country, of that clanging tocsin, that war-song of the pagan spirit. If, nowadays, no one even in Italy anathematizes Carducci as a worshipper of evil because of his "Inno a Satana," there are few probably, in Italy or elsewhere, who would not now regard the Satanic epithets and allusions as somewhat pantomimic and grotesque. For, of course, Carducci does not mean, never did mean, to invoke the Prince of Evil! All that the celebrated (and technically marvellous) "Hymn" means is, Let us be done with what is outworn; let us worship only what makes for divinity; let us rejoice in our mortal destiny, and in our world, and not cry shame upon our humanity; let us be done with shams; let us be up and rejoice; let us be up and doing. It is but the principle of new birth, of revolt, the law of material, as of spiritual, resurrection which the poet invokes in his "Satan":—

> Salute, O Satana,
> O ribellione,
> O forza vindice
> Della ragione!

And it is not to the conventional "Prince of this World," but to no other than Alastor, the Spirit of Beauty, whom every poet has worshipped since poetry became the dream of the human soul, that he cries, "For thee Adonis lived; for thee Astarte; for thee came into being the marbles, the pictures, and golden verse, when, from the Ionian wave, Aphrodite arose with her great joy; for thee roared the forests of Lebanon . . . for thee sang the chorus . . . for thee raved the dances."

The rhetorical fires have long ere this expended their inflammatory force: the poetic beauty remains. It is to be hoped that the day will not come when the youth of Italy will no more be stirred by the magic of the lines of the famous "Hymn":—

> Tra le odorifere
> Palme d' Idume,
> Dove biancheggiano
> Le ciprie spume.

If the "Inno a Satana" be so characteristic of Carducci, not less characteristic of his mental attitude, of the ethical aspect of his splendid achievement, are those other words of his—"Send forth upon the wind the cry of the watchman: 'The age renews itself, the day of fulfilment is nigh.' "

In this sense the "Hymn" is typical of all Carducci's poetry; the rhetorical part served its purpose; what is of sheer beauty remains. We doubt if the achievement of any living poet could stand comparison with that of Giosuè Carducci in the qualities of distinction, strength, and classic beauty.

Within a limited range, Hérédia is the sole name to suggest; but Hérédia is a sculptor in ivory, Carducci is of the kindred of Michel Angelo; or, again, Hérédia is as one of the exquisite minor poets of the Anthology, Carducci a latter-day Catullus, with a far greater intellectual and national inspiration and range. Neither Hérédia nor Arturo Graf, not even Leconte de Lisle, has more truly cherished and given us anew "the antique beauty." For Carducci, the beauty that was of old is the one immortal thing in this world of mortal change and chance. For him, as he says in the "Primavere Elleniche," "though all other gods may die," the divinities made immortal by the Greek genius "live still among ancient woods and in the eternal seas."

To Carducci, also, belongs the honor of having restored to Italian poetry

its long-lost dignity. This true brother of Catullus has not only moulded anew the form of lyric verse, but has set up a strenuous ideal for his countrymen who would strive to re-create and not to imitate.

> Odio l' usata poesia: concede
> Comoda al vulgo. . . .
> A me la strofe vigile, . . .

as he writes in the famous "Prelude," in rhymeless Catullian verse, in the first series of the "Odi Barbare."

But Carducci is much more than "the high-priest of impeccable form." He is a poet inspired by a lofty patriotism, a poet troubled by the deep problems of modern life, a prophet of high destinies, national and mundane. Even "the pagan note" throughout his work, sane and wise as no small part of it indubitably is, must not be over-emphasized. We find this pagan note, it is true, in every personal utterance even of the graver poet of mature age; but now it is the utterance of one who realizes that in the pagan spirit alone lies no likelihood of escape from the Slough of Despond. In contemporary Italian literature Carducci stands pre-eminent as the poet who has given his whole life to the service of his art, to the persistent ideal to re-create in beauty and distinction, to make his own art ("far l' arte") in his own way: the poet who writes—

> Or destruggiam. Dei secoli
> Lo strato è sul pensiero:
> O pochi e forti, all' opera,
> Chè nei profundi é il vero.[15]

For fifty years Carducci has led the van of the literary Risorgimento. To-day he stands higher than ever, as immeasurably the greatest modern Italian poet. He has lived to see the seed both of his wise and unwise "paganism" flourish, and philosophically to accept both harvests; but above all he has lived to rejoice that the nation at large is not only the richer but the stronger for what he has given of his best.

In one respect, at least, Gabriele D'Annunzio is to be mentioned with his great compatriot, for whatever be the shortcomings of this brilliant and fascinating personality—we speak of him solely as author and artist—he has the unique poetic temperament. For him, too, the "word" is sacred, a secret minister, an ally to be won, at once slave and tyrant. For him, too, the one dominant ideal is "far l' arte," "to make art." D'Annunzio does not fall short of Carducci because of any lack of those shaping and coloring qualities which make for the rarest and highest art, but because, in the main, he has failed to see that it is not mere imagination that triumphs, but controlled imagination; that song must be the outcome of long spiritual meditation, so that from the greater depth it may soar to greater height; that spiritual understanding is as much the poet's concern as the swift flame of lyrical emotion. In a word, though D'Annunzio has all the artistic qualities, he has them to excess, so that there is no equipoise as with Carducci. Nor, with all his culture, his wide range, his cosmopolitan sympathies, has he the like instinctive scholarship—a scholarship that is something more than erudition, for we are thinking of a mental quality rather than of intellectual accomplishment. On the other hand, while more derivative than Carducci, he is not less lacking in originality. He is an instance, simply, of the literary temperament in alliance with that order of creative genius which must gather from many gardens, and in the gathering is both heedless as to what honey is stolen,

[15] Now perforce we destroy. The highway of the ages is built upon thought. To the work, then, O few and strong, for truth is of the depths.

and indifferent to what accusations are bandied. After all, the honey which the poet brings is all that need concern the critic of poetry. A poet's methods may be interesting; it is the results that convince, or do not convince.

Moreover, D'Annunzio is less derivative in his poetry than in his prose. At any rate he does not "convey" in the one as he sometimes too audaciously does in the other; though there are notable exceptions to this generalization, as, for example, in the very Maeterlinckian passage in the drama "La Gloria," where the group of physicians and others keep the vigil of death near the dying patrician. Of course as a young man he imitated, now Carducci, now Leopardi, now Baudelaire, now Catullus or the poets of the Greek Anthology, now Shelley, now de Musset. But these imitations were the tentative efforts of a potent personality that had not yet learned the height or direction of its true course.

Whether as poet or novelist, however, D'Annunzio is not properly understood in this country. This is partly because he is an extreme exemplar of the pagan side of the Latin temper, and of the Latin habit of mind. More and more, as we consider his already notable and variegated achievement, we believe that D'Annunzio's superabundant faults and shortcomings blind northerners, not only to his marvellous art, but to his power and influence as an accepted type, as a signal genius of the Latin race. The gulf between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon is greater than is commonly recognized in these days, when it is a commonplace that racial distinctions tend to disappear. It is, on the contrary, possible, perhaps probable, that this gulf grows deeper.

Nor has D'Annunzio yet said all that he has to say. It might indeed be urged that he has now been long enough before the public for judgment to be passed on his limitations, for an estimate all but certain as to what he can *not* do. But it must be remembered that the author of "Primavere" was but a boy of fifteen; that the poet, dramatist, novelist of to-day is even now still a young man, being on the sunny side of forty.

It is as a poet of nature that D'Annunzio is at his best. With the exception of Giovanni Pascoli (to compare whom would be, as it were, to compare André Chénier and Baudelaire, or the author of "Endymion" with the author of "Poems and Ballads"), he has in this respect no rival. He has the compelling passion of the sea so characteristic of Swinburne; the love of mountain-solitude and lonely wilds so characteristic of Wordsworth, though a love less simple in sentiment and less natural in expression; something of the charm, too, that we find in Theocritus; something of the delicate and intimate touch of Tennyson. To this is added a rapt intensity of vision and emotion sometimes considered characteristically Celtic, though it is in truth too primitive and universal a quality to be adequately expressed by any literary label. We come to think of him at times, not as the D'Annunzio of scandal and criminal passion, but the poet pure and simple, as a faun become a man and a modern singer, who remembers old songs and the antique world, and at heart is a faun indeed, or at least "veritamente un figlio della terra antica," as in the "Song of the Sun" in "Canto Novo":—

Sta il gran meriggio su questa di flutti
e di piante
Verde azzurrina conca solitaria:
Ed io, come il fauno antico in agguato, m' ascondo,
Platano sacro, qui fra le chiome tue. . . .[16]

[16] The high noon stands above this lonely dell, filled with blue-green foliage, as a shell with

But if we are allured at times into this wonder-world of intimate nature, we are more often recalled to the sad world of weariness and disillusion, hearing the supersensuous, decadent, *ennuyé* poet crying, "O cessate! la musica mi stanca," or "Chi potrà darmi un qualche nuovo senso?" There is one thing inevitable for him who drinks too long and too deep from the cup of experience. If weariness and disillusion may inspire, they must also weaken the art of the poet who has thus drunken and not known when to throw the cup aside.

Sono spogliati tutti i miei rosai.
Non più ghirlande! E la mia coppa è vuota.
Bevvi, bevvi e ribevvi. Al fine ignota
Non me nessuna ebrezza. . . .[17]

It is the salutary part of this poetry of weariness, so characteristic, not only of D'Annunzio, but of all he stands for in that decadent phase of thought and literature and life of which, on one side at least, he is the foremost exemplar, that, when revulsion is at hand, the reader is almost always won back by some beautiful vision of the world we know and love, or by some deep and sincere cry from the poet's heart—"Allor che su 'l vento maestrale mi balzava la strofe . . . squillando annanzi, O mare, O mare, O mare!"[18]

In his so-called decadent verse, too, there is much of great beauty, some of it at least being no more "decadent" than is that poetic melancholy which is the habit of mind of all the poets of love, from Catullus or Omar Khayyâm to Leconte de Lisle and Carducci. Read, for instance, "The Triumph of Iseult" (itself a metrical triumph in the difficult manner of Lorenzo di Medici), recalling as it does Villon and Swinburne and William Morris, and yet so unmistakably the poet's own, with its monotonously sweet refrain, "for everything save love is vain":—

Torna in fior di giovinezza
Isaotta Blanzesmano,
Dice: Tutto al mondo è vano.
Nè l' amore ogni dolcezza![19]

That, too, is the poet's own—the stanza of Death, as a beautiful woman, closing the procession, however much the Guinevere and other stanzas suggest comparison with familiar lines of the poets named above:—

Chiude il gran corteo la Morte;
Non la dea de' cemeteri,
Ma una fresca donna e forte
Cui valletti lusinghieri
Sono i Sogni ed i Piaceri
Da 'l gentil volto pagano.
Dice: Tutto al mondo è vano,
Ne l' amore ogni dolcezza![20]

Perhaps one reason why D'Annunzio appeals more strongly than Carducci to the Italians of the North, to the French of the North, to the Germans and ourselves, is that he has more of the love of the mysterious. In one of his most beautiful short poems, the "Vas Mysteri," in the "Poema Paradisiaco" volume of 1893, he makes indeed a direct invocation to that veiled Muse: "Apriti al fine, O tu che l' urna sei del Mistero!" And, again, because

the waves of the sea; and I, like a faun of olden days in ambush, crouch beneath thy tresses, O sacred plane-tree!

[17] Despoiled are all my rose-beds: no garlands now! And my cup is empty. I have drunk of it, I have drunk of it, again and again. And, at last, no intoxication is left to me to know. . . .

[18] Then on the tempestuous wind my song turns, crying, with great longing, O sea, O sea, O sea!

[19] Cometh again, in her flower of youth, Iseult of the White Hands. She says: "All the world is vain: in love only doth all sweetness live."

[20] At the end of the noble cortege, Death; not the sombre Lady of Graves, but a woman fresh and strong, whose flattering train-bearers are Dreams and Delights, each of a noble pagan beauty. And she too says: "All the world is vain: in love only doth all sweetness live."

he is a prophet of "the joy to come" . . . that "far-off day of the travailing generations"—

Cantate, O venti! Ne l' ignoto mare
E l' Isola promessa:
La come in sommo d' un immenso altare
E la gioia promessa. . . .

Gabriele D'Annunzio is now before his countrymen as a "national" poet. We do not think that his essentially lyrical and emotional genius is well fitted for a sustained flight; but of this perhaps no foreigner can properly judge. Meanwhile the lyrical epic of Garibaldi is in part given to the world.[21] In judging this lyrical epic, or "epical series of lyrical chants," one must bear in mind the author's own comment that the poems should be recited aloud rather than silently read, "per vivere della sua piena vita musicale, ella ha bisogno di passare nella bocca sonante del dicitore." But it must be admitted that, with many fine lines, and frequent subtle and enchanting effects as in

Ei si ricorda nell' alba di Novembre:
Quando salpò da Quarto era la sera,
Sera di Maggio conridere di stelle,

there is also much mere rhetoric and at times a bathos sinking to the level of distinctly commonplace prose.

Here, as in matters of deeper import, it is to be wished that D'Annunzio had more of the intellectual pride and artistic control of his greater compatriot, Giosuè Carducci; the more so as his influence is becoming steadily more potent in Italy, despite obstacles of all kinds, and notwithstanding the animadversions, both wise and unwise, of perhaps the majority of the critics and of the reading-public. Carducci's high place is now beyond cavil. He for his part has ever thought of his to-morrow. Gabriele D'Annunzio has owed so much to French writers that it is to be wished he could more consistently have borne in mind, that he may henceforth bear in mind, the memorable words of Sainte-Beuve, "C'est à ce lendemain sévère que tout artiste sérieux doit songer." And what better watchword could he, too, have than that of his master, the veteran Carducci, already adopted by Young Italy, fervent and hopeful: "O pochi e forti, all' opera!" "To the good work, then, O ye few and strong!"

The Quarterly Review.

THE EXHIBITION OF EARLY FLEMISH ART IN BRUGES.

The sleepy old town of Bruges has woke up to find herself, if not famous, at least once again for a brief moment the focus of attraction for art lovers all the world over. Rich as is this quaint mediæval city in works of art, produced largely by her own burghers, the priceless collection of pictures gathered once again in their old home from all quarters of Europe must enhance a hundredfold her interest for the student of early Flemish painting. Pictures which had not met since they left the artist's *atelier* in the fifteenth century now find themselves hanging familiarly side by side, as though the intervening centuries had been a bad dream, and gallery directors and pri-

[21] The "Canzone di Garibaldi," published in 1901, is not, as many imagine, a complete work. The present instalment is a poem of twenty-two sections, amounting in all to one thousand and four lines. The actual title of this section is "The Night of Caprera," and it is the third in a series of seven. In time we are to have the other "books" or sections: (1) "The Birth of the Hero"; (2) "The Ocean and the Pampas"; (4) "From Rome to the Pontine Marshes"; (5) "Aspromonte and Mentana"; (6) "The Crown of Peace"; (7) "The Hero's End."

vate owners merely the spectres of a disordered imagination. But the ravages of time go far to dispel the illusion, and old friends meet too often with changed countenances, some faded and withered to mere ghosts of their former selves, others so concealed beneath an artificial make-up as almost to escape recognition. This is fortunately by no means always the case. The Exhibition offers a striking testimony to the value and permanence of sound workmanship. Where later hands have not meddled, many a panel dating from nearly five centuries ago seems as fresh as though it had but just been painted.

That the Exhibition should be thoroughly representative, all the churches and institutions of Bruges have been temporarily despoiled of their treasures, and the famous Hospital of St. John has yielded up its priceless Memlincs. The museums of Brussels and Antwerp send their contingent; Glasgow and Liverpool and some of the smaller German galleries have contributed; while private collectors all over Europe have responded with that generosity which the prevailing fashion of loan exhibitions must tax somewhat severely. We are thus enabled to follow the rise and fall of the first period of Flemish painting, from its brilliant beginning with the Van Eycks to its decadence under the Italianisers of the sixteenth century.

Of pre-Van Eyck painting in Flanders only enough remains to force into bold relief the extraordinary artistic revolution effected by the brothers Hubert and Jan, and to give point to the suggestion that their origin must be sought elsewhere, perhaps in the school of Cologne. It is to this school also that the curious "Calvary" from the Cathedral of Bruges, one of the earliest examples of Flemish painting, shows certain resemblances, though already here the typically Netherlandish instinct for color is strongly marked.

Of the veil of mystery that still hangs over the Van Eycks, as yet only the corners have been lifted. Authorities still differ as to the exact nature and extent of their discovery of an oil medium; but, thanks largely to Mr. Weale's indefatigable researches, some further light has lately been thrown on the relation of the two brothers, with the result that Hubert, who for centuries was supplanted in popular estimation by his younger brother Jan, is once more reinstated as the true father of Flemish painting and the author of by far the greater part of the Ghent altar-piece. It is more than a pity that this monumental work should be absent from the Exhibition, where for purposes of comparison alone its presence would have been invaluable. Could its now scattered members have been brought together from Ghent, Berlin, and Brussels, the world would have gained a unique opportunity of studying in its entirety this, the starting-point of Flemish painting. Only the "Adam and Eve" from Brussels, two panels forming part of the wings of the altar-piece, are to be seen here. They are without doubt the work of Jan the realist, whose share in the whole picture is now considered to be limited to these and to the grisailles on the back of the wings. It would have been interesting to compare the beautiful landscape of the central panel with that in the "Holy Women at the Sepulchre," lent by Sir Frederick Cook, a picture which excited so much interest at the New Gallery in 1899. This, believed to be the work of Hubert, breathes something of that idealism and poetic inspiration which are totally lacking in the younger brother. It is the moment when twilight, dispelled by dawn, melts away before the unutterable glory of a new-born

day. The sky is illumined with mysterious light, bathing the whole atmosphere and touching with golden brilliance the towers and mosques of the distant city. The empty tomb, the white-robed angel, the three women approaching with spices and ointment, are all in harmony with the peaceful setting. The clownish guards, lost in heavy slumber, are rendered with true Flemish realism, which often touches the borders of caricature. It is strange that with his wonderful feeling for atmosphere and lighting, Hubert should have possessed so elementary a knowledge of linear perspective. Both here in the drawing of the tomb and in that of the fountain in the Ghent altar-piece the painter has gone sadly astray. Indeed, perspective is by no means a strong point with the early Flemish school.

Turning from this romantic rendering to the pictures of the younger brother, we find ourselves in a wholly different atmosphere. Jan's curious lack of all sense of beauty in type and feature is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the celebrated "Pala Madonna," his largest if not his greatest work, which occupies a place of honor in the first room. Magnificent as it is in technique, color, and lighting, the ill-chosen models, copied with an almost blind fidelity, mar what would be otherwise a *chef-d'œuvre*. In many of these Flemish pictures the most interesting personage is the donor, whose portrait is introduced in a more or less conspicuous position. Here old Pala is a triumph of vigorous and faithful characterization. Jan's skill in portraiture is again displayed in the admirable if by no means flattering portrait of his wife from the Bruges Museum, a picture rescued from its menial office of eel-skinning board in the Bruges fish market, and in the portrait of a young man from Herrmannstadt, signed, as are many pictures in the Exhibition, with the forged Dürer monogram. Baron Oppenheim contributes also a delightful portrait of a benevolent old gentleman, toothless and wrinkled, painted in one of the artist's most genial moments. He is framed with a fine portrait by Thierry Bouts of a stern, hard-featured man of middle age, and that of a self-indulgent looking young dandy ascribed, though scarcely with justice, to Memlinc. The three, brought together thus promiscuously, form a kind of Three Ages of Man.

The student of Flemish art must anticipate at once a treat and a disappointment in the rare opportunity of seeing the "Enthronement of St. Thomas of Canterbury" from Chatsworth, attributed to Jan van Eyck, a picture which, if its date 1421 were correct, was painted some nine years before the completion of the Ghent altar-piece. This must have been a fine piece of work, for which Jan's genius would be admirably adapted. Now, alas! it is almost entirely covered with a thick coat of repaint, so that we can only guess at its original condition, and mentally reconstruct it with the delicate finish, the luminous glowing depth and glossy surface, which we are accustomed to find in the painter's better preserved pictures. Interesting too, though again hopelessly overrestored, is the large triptych lent by M. Helleputte of Louvain, which recent research confirms as being Jan's last work, left unfinished at his death. The Virgin of the central panel, standing under a vaulted portico with the Child in her arms, recalls the Carthusian Madonna in Berlin; but crude repainting, and above all the glaring pink flesh tones smeared on by a later hand, leave little but the design of the original. The curious symbolism of the subjects on the wings recalls the mystical intention of the "Adoration of

the Lamb," and must surely have been invented for the matter-of-fact Jan.

Petrus Cristus, Jan van Eyck's one acknowledged pupil, is well represented in the Exhibition by several portraits, the "Pietà" from Brussels, formerly ascribed to Ouwater, and by his best work, the "Legend of Saints Eligius and Godeberta," signed and dated 1449, from the Oppenheim Collection. In this interior of a goldsmith's shop we have an anticipation of the class of genre subject which later Quentin Metsys and his follower Romerswael made peculiarly their own, the typical example being the "Bankers" by Metsys in the Louvre. The commonplace types, hard outlines, and heavy coloring in the Oppenheim picture are characteristic of Cristus, a somewhat uninteresting but painstaking painter. The convex mirror on the table, reflecting personages not seen in the picture, was a favorite studio property with Flemish painters. We find it in Jan van Eyck's portrait of Arnolfini in the National Gallery, in Memlinc's delightful virgin of the Nieuwenhove diptych, now at the Exhibition, and in Metsys's "Bankers."

The beautiful little "Pietà" by that impassioned painter of Tournai, Roger van der Weyden, recently acquired by the Brussels Museum, is one of the gems of the Exhibition. By his dramatic interpretation of this scene, in which no detail of anguish has been omitted, the painter forces upon us a vivid realization of what he has conceived. No smiling landscape relieves the tension, and the ghastly light from the lurid yellow sky serves to enhance the sense of gloom and tragedy. We see the artist in another phase in his portrait of Peter Bladelin, the donor of the Middleburg altar-piece at Berlin, in the central panel of which he appears again. It is a more than usually attractive face, with its deeply sunk brown eyes, tightly compressed lips, and tense, eager expression.

Roger's pupil, the ingenuous Memlinc, is represented by almost half his known works, and there is no doubt that the section devoted to them is the most popular in the Exhibition. Memlinc is indeed the most lovable of all the Flemish painters. His sense of beauty carries him safely over those pitfalls of downright ugliness and horror into which Jan van Eyck and Bouts so frequently fell. His blithe temperament forbade him to see the world except in sunshine, or to treat tragedy with anything but the most gently sympathetic naïveté. His renderings of Madonna and Child are full of playful humor, into which his favorite little attendant angel enters with a wholly unangelic grin of delight, handing the Christ Child an apple or watching him play the fascinating game of crumpling the pages of His Mother's book. This motif occurs in the famous triptych of the Donne family, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, Memlinc's earliest known work and the type of many to follow. The well-known Memlinc landscape background with its clear sky, and blue water dotted with swans, its green fields and winding paths on which one may expect to meet the renowned white horse and its rider, adds immeasurably to the idyllic atmosphere of these peaceful scenes.

The most attractive of the less well-known Memlincs is the wonderfully pathetic "Pietà" from the collection of Prince Doria. Comparing this with Van der Weyden's tragic rendering, the difference of temperament between the older painter and his pupil is strikingly apparent. Here, though the pathos of the subject is profoundly felt, there is no touch of gloom, no hint of unutterable tragedy, but a sense of peace brooding over the exquisite landscape. The kneeling donor is the

same William Moreel whose portrait, as well as that of his wife, has been lent by the Brussels Gallery. He appears again on the left wing of the St. Christopher triptych from the Bruges Academy, a work which has been robbed by the restorer of much of its brilliance. It is difficult to leave this Memlinc section, where from the large St. John altar-piece to the delicate miniature-like scenes on the St. Ursula Shrine, as portraitist, religious painter, and decorator, we may study this always charming artist in all his phases.

But it is when we come to Gerard David, of whose somewhat scarce works the Exhibition displays a rich and most interesting collection, that we find joined to Memlinc's sweetness and grace a new feeling for pictorial unity, a power of welding all the exquisitely rendered parts into one consistent scheme. In his hands the *morceau* begins to give place to the *ensemble*, the scene to be realized as a whole. In the lovely "Santa Conversazione" from Rouen, a picture which before the days of scientific art criticism was assigned variously to Van Eyck and Memlinc, there is a relationship between the figures unthought of in Memlinc's altar-pieces. How beautiful these sweet-faced maidens, with their high foreheads and rippling golden hair, gathered informally about the Madonna like a group of school girls round a beloved mistress! The Christ Child, as always with David, is a real child, full of sweetness and sprightly charm, quite different from the stiff little old men who in Jan Van Eyck or Roger's pictures pose as babies. The "Santa Conversazione" motif became popular in Flanders as somewhat later in Venice, affording as it did a kind of compromise, a means of reconciling both worlds. Nearly opposite David's picture hangs a quaint version by some Flemish *pictor ignotus* lent by the Brussels Museum. Here the artist's poetical intention has outrun his skill, and the stiff ill-drawn figures grouped against a flat decorative landscape background wholly devoid of atmosphere, suggest a world of primitive quaintness. We find a far more charming variant on the same theme in the little panel lent by the Comte Arco-Valley, ascribed and with some justice to David himself. In this *al fresco* scene the Virgin and her maidens are gathered informally in a delicious landscape, vividly recalling that in the master's "Baptism" from the Bruges Academy.

If indeed, as some would have it, the landscapes in David's pictures were painted for him by Patinir, "the good landscape artist" as Dürer called him, it must have been in that unequal master's most inspired moments. We see him indeed at his best in the impressive "Crucifixion" from the Liechtenstein Gallery, a far finer rendering than ours in the National Gallery, and in the exquisite little "Paysage" lent by Herr von Kaufmann of Berlin, where in the treatment of the foliage and distance he shows himself either the author or the imitator of David's backgrounds. We find something of the same treatment of foliage in Mr. Macquoid's lovely little picture, one of the puzzles of the Exhibition, representing St. John the Baptist seated in a spacious, verdant landscape, watered by a blue stream, with deer, rabbits, and various kinds of birds to share his solitude.

From the poetic spirit of these beautiful idyls it is strange to turn to the dramatic force displayed in such pictures as David's "Condemnation" and "Flaying of Sisamnes," where terror and anguish are expressed with incomparable power and a realism that shrinks from no detail of horror. Indeed, in such a collection of old Flemish pictures we are forcibly struck by

the grisly nature of the subjects depicted. These painters seem to have felt no distaste for the horrible or the ugly, and many a smiling landscape forms the background to such indescribable tortures as are depicted in Bouts's "St. Erasmus" triptych from Louvain, and the curious "Martyrdom of St. Hippolytus" from the Bruges Cathedral, which hangs as its pendant. Surely never have the processes of protracted disembowelling and sudden dismemberment been rendered with such complete *insouciance* on the side of the spectators, and comparative indifference on the part of the victims. Here, as is so often the case, our sympathy, as well it would seem as that of the artist, is rather with the persecuting laity than with the suffering saint, whose humility becomes mere insignificance, heightened by contrast with the fine clothes and handsome mien of the bystanders. The opportunity of comparing these very similar triptychs makes it obvious that the Bruges picture is by an inferior draughtsman. "The Last Supper" from Louvain, which hangs between them, illustrates Bouts's love of brilliant, enamel-like color, in which various shades of red and a fine quality of white predominate. Though deficient in feeling for composition and form to both Memlinc and David, his color sense carries him bravely through, and in his fondness for expressive gestures of the hands he is almost Italian.

It were perhaps too much to expect that Hugo van der Goes, to whom only one work has ever been ascribed with any certainty, should be represented among his compeers in the Exhibition. The little triptych of the "Adoration of the Magi" from the Liechtenstein Gallery can hardly be associated with the author of the wonderful "Nativity" of the Uffizi. Nor is the striking "Portrait of a Canon protected by a Saint in armor," from Glasgow, to masquerade any longer under his name, or indeed to preserve its reputed Flemish nationality. It is now believed to be the work of some French artist, and to the same account must be placed Mr. Morrell's "Jérome de Busleyden protected by St. Jerome," with its curious, leathery flesh tints and vigorous chiaroscuro.

Among the portraits and religious pictures which naturally abound in the Exhibition, it is interesting to come across the spirited little predella piece of the "Taking of Jerusalem." This, belonging to M. de Ruyck of Ghent, originally formed part of the triptych in St. Bavon, which tradition assigns to that painter of shadowy personality, Gerard van der Meire. The predella is divided into two by the wall of the city, upon which the besieging army are just making a successful assault. On the left we see the tents of the Roman camp, and a stream of horsemen headed by Titus hastening towards the city, while a huge battering ram is being brought into action. On a hill behind the camp crosses and gallows have been raised, on which hapless Jews hang suspended. Within the walls all is confusion and stampede, besiegers and besieged meeting in deadly combat, soldiers murdering screaming women, one of whom in the extremity of famine is cooking a child she has just killed. The picture is very dark and heavy, but full of movement and action.

The latter half of the Exhibition includes the painters of the sixteenth century, many of whom, forsaking their native country and art traditions, journeyed to Italy to return with a veneer of ill-assimilated Italian culture and an indiscriminating admiration for grandiose forms and classical architecture. Among the few artists who escaped this form of Roman fever, Quentin Metsys stands fore-

most. He is represented by a magnificent portrait from the Liechtenstein Collection of a fine old man in berretta and white lawn surplice holding a book and a black-rimmed pincenez. The park-like landscape setting carries the eye back and gives a pleasant sense of space and atmosphere. From his hand, too, is the beautiful "Madonna" from the Oppenheim Collection, in which motif, pose, and movement are all delightful. The Madonna is one of the charming girls he knows so well how to paint. Comparing this picture with the "Madonna" from Glasgow painted by Mabuse, it seems obvious to connect the two painters as master and pupil. In this attractive piece we see the artist in his transition period between his early Flemish manner and the new Italian proclivities which render most of his later work, always with the exception of his portraits, cold, bombastic, and uninteresting. The Madonna is still an essentially Flemish type, mild, sweet, and intelligent, if not actually beautiful. Her drapery falls in those voluminous and fretted folds which, even in the fulness of his Italianism, Mabuse never gave up. The elaborate fountain and stately Italian palace are the only traces of foreign influence in a picture which retains all the charm of its Flemish origin.

The curious fantastic nature of Flemish genre is well illustrated in several works by Jerome Bosch and his successor Pieter Brueghel. In M. Cardou's "Légende," ascribed to the former, the painter's fancy has run riot to an unusual degree even for him. Nothing is too hideously impossible or absurd in subject or situation for this lover of the grotesque. And withal he is an artist of no mean power, a colorist of clear bright tones and pleasant harmonies. In the "Ecce Homo" belonging to M. Maeterlinck of Ghent he gives us a delightful glimpse of a distant piazza flooded with atmosphere. Yet even when treating so solemn a subject as the "Ecce Homo" he can not refrain from caricaturing the faces of the mocking crowd.

It is not necessary to possess the preternatural intelligence of Macaulay's schoolboy to appreciate the so-called "Proverb" by Brueghel, lent by Herr von Kaufmann of Berlin, which must appeal to every healthy child. This obviously represents a Vision of Cockaigne, a kind of greedy boy's dream of a Paradise where, as he lies stretched at ease on the grass, cooked meats and dainties drop unsought into his mouth, while pigs wander past, whose backs, knife-provided, invite the carving of a slice, and even the walls and roofs of the houses are garnished with tempting red and yellow cheeses.

Within the present limits it is only possible to touch upon a few of the more striking of the four hundred pictures here assembled, each of which deserves separate study; nor is this the place to dwell on the many most interesting puzzles of ascription. The Exhibition indeed provides a happy hunting ground for the attribution-monger, and there are many pretty quarrels to be picked. Such life-and-death questions as what pictures may be ascribed to the mysterious Maîtres de Flemalle and d'Oultremont or to the Meister der Halb Figuren, the connection between Josse van Cleve and the Master of the Death of the Virgin (who is represented by a very fine triptych from Consul Weber of Hamburg), are full of fascination for the scientifically minded critic.

Where so rich a feast is provided, it ill becomes the guests to quarrel with the service. It is, however, a pity that so interesting an Exhibition should be rendered almost distracting by the want of an adequate catalogue. Only a portion of the full catalogue is at present forthcoming, and the unfort-

unate visitor is left to grapple with an entirely untrustworthy summary, and a double system of numbering both in the catalogue and on the frames. But these defects will no doubt soon be remedied,[1] and from whatever point of view it be regarded, the Bruges Exhibition is undoubtedly one of the events of this not uneventful year.

Mary H. Witt.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

KHARTOUM.

A few years ago the savagery of Omdurman was a dangerous menace to African civilization. Khartoum had remained a heap of ruins from the fall of Gordon in 1885, when it was razed to the ground and Omdurman became the Dervish capital. We hear little of these regions nowadays; of late years the public interest has naturally centred in South Africa. Peace having been declared, achieved with honor by the talent of one great man, Lord Kitchener, alike in the north and south of the dark continent, perhaps the British public may care to hear something of the progress of civilization which has been steadily going on in the Sudan.

To-day Khartoum presents to the whole of Central Africa an interesting object-lesson of peaceful progress. This wonderful place can be now reached in five days from Assouan by the efficient service organized by the Government—the best by which I have ever travelled. Not only are there excellent dining and sleeping-cars, but at Abu Hamed, after a long run of monotonous sandy track, luxurious baths are unexpectedly supplied. The first section of the line from Halfa to Abu Hamed runs in a perfectly straight line along the level, pathless desert, the most weird and arid scene I have ever witnessed: the sand is of a hot reddish tint, the sparse rocks the burnt sienna of our color box. Pyramidal peaks rise in the distance on either side, and after sunrise wondrous mirages appear along the horizon—delusive indications of placid pools and leafy groves, where neither water nor growth nor life of any kind exists. As the sun rose, a fiery ball over the desolate waste, I bestirred myself to sketch its wondrous torrid glory, when a tap came to my door. "Bath, sir, hot or cold, which you like, in ten minutes, sir." The train pulled up at once, and there, rising out of the sandy waste, as if by magic, an array of bath rooms, with every modern comfort, supplied with sweet Nile water pumped from a bend of the river about a mile off! The train gave us twenty minutes and then off we went at full speed, while an excellent breakfast was served.

The Cairo-to-Cape Railway at present stops on the Blue Nile, opposite Khartoum. Omdurman is on the White Nile, about three miles round a corner westward. The city of Khartoum extends for two miles along the river bank, a wide promenade, lined with trees, flanking the Nile. Gordon's earthen fortifications still exist, forming a curve of five miles towards the desert. Outside these there are a dozen native cantonments separated by wide spaces. Every tribe—the loyal Jaalin, the crafty Dinka, the gigantic Shilluk, the truculent Baggara—is kept separate. Their costumes are

[1] Since the above was written the second part of the catalogue has been issued.

not voluminous, nor their dwellings imposing, but each tribe carefully adheres to its own pattern—all are clean, tidy, and orderly, and every dusky visage beams with contentment. In the villages there are found only mothers and children busy at domestic occupations, and aged folks too old to work. All able-bodied natives find remunerative employment in the town during the day. Each village is under the control of its head man or sheikh, who is responsible to the Government for the good behavior of its people. There are several thousand lone Dervish widows, who do most of the rough labor in Khartoum, for which they are paid good wages. They dig foundations, mix mortar, carry bricks, and act as gardeners and sweepers. Their happy, smiling, ugly old faces show how satisfied they are with their present condition. The new city is laid out in wide streets, at right angles to one another; in the centre is the spacious Gordon Square, which is to possess a statue of the martyred hero.[1]

At the time of the British occupation, Khartoum being in ruins, the Government offices were established at Omdurman, but they are gradually being removed to the new city as the permanent buildings are erected. Omdurman, with its mud hovels, still covers a large area, but much of it is ruinous, and the population is not more than 15,000. In the Mahdi's time 400,000 souls were crowded within the camp enclosure. The place when taken by the British was in an indescribable state of filth; it is now intersected by wide roads and is under police supervision. As Khartoum is developed the old place will doubtless be allowed to dwindle away, it is now visited mainly for the ruins of the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house, and the Dervish arsenal. The battle-field of Kerreri is seven miles to the north.

We all remember Father Ohrwalder's book, with the thrilling narrative of his escape from the Khalifa's clutches, the story Colonel Wingate (now Sirdar) helped him to tell so well. His escape, with the two Austrian Sisters of Mercy, was a triumph of the skill of the Intelligence Department, and certainly led to Slatin's successful flight, it, in its turn, leading to the recovery of Khartoum. Father Ohrwalder has returned to his place and has rebuilt his house, where he is doing good work by keeping a school for 400 willing pupils. His is the only garden in Omdurman, the rest of the place being bare and desert. I visited this interesting gentleman, deriving much information from him. He is forty-six years old, but his eventful career has given him the aspect of greater age. I remarked to him how much the Christian world sympathized with his sufferings. He replied, "Mine were as nothing compared with those of the poor ladies; I wonder they survived." He seems happy to have got back, and means to spend the rest of his days in the Sudan.

The first sight of Khartoum from the river comes as a charming surprise after the long journey through a thousand miles of barrenness, for it is embosomed in trees! The white palace, a massive building, dominates the graceful palms. It is a finished structure, of great durability and elegance, and gives the impression that its builders have come to stay. The pair of modern cannon mounted on fine carriages at either side of the wide portal, with double sentries (British and Egyptian) heighten the idea that what had to be taken by force will so be held, if necessary.

The Dervishes, when they levelled

[1] This fine statue has been temporarily erected in London, and was unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge in presence of Lord Kitchener, July 18, 1902.

Gordon's buildings forgot to destroy the trees, even those of the hero's own planting were left, so that now the new buildings rise out of a leafy shade such as exists nowhere else in the Sudan. The palace is completely finished, and a remarkably noble pile; next the river it presents, properly, a plain, solid front, with somewhat the look of a fortress. The garden front is a contrast to this; it forms a hollow square of arcaded work of three storeys rising from a terrace flanked by handsome balustrades with wide curving steps. As we enter by the arched portal from the river side, the beautiful gardens, full of rich flowering plants, tropical and European, rise from perfectly kept greensward. Rare varieties of palm and leafy exotic trees give shade where needed.

In the centre, flourishing with renewed life, we find Gordon's own Rosery, glorified within a raised enclosure of cut-stone, the flowers in the depth of winter being such as we find at home in June. The palace garden is about ten acres in extent, much of it laid down in grass equal to an English lawn, though in extent more like a park than garden and fringed with noble trees with *parterres* of exquisite flowers separated by rills of water. This, under a burning sun at 15° from the equator, speaks volumes for the industry and skill of the native gardeners. Away in a shady nook is Lady Wingate's tent, where refreshing tea is dispensed by her own fair hands after her friends have had an afternoon saunter in the gardens. Let us turn, and view the garden front of the palace. It is of no particular style of architecture. It is even more airy than Italian; more light and cheerful than any other palace, and its loggias and corridors suggest ample protection from the tropical sun. Gothic, Classic or Saracenic styles would not have been half so successful, the building, whatever style it is, is lovely. It has grown up—an emanation from the place and its requirements. No professional architect was employed—it is, in fact, a new style, an invention of the Royal Engineers. These ingenious officers were quartered here, and got the job to do as part of their duty, and did their best. The result is charming and original. But Engineers have to be ubiquitous, like their motto, and those who commenced were not allowed to finish the building. The lower storeys are the design of one Engineer, the upper of another, and yet the whole is congruous. It is said that the officer who is most responsible for the design is now doing duty as Governor of Sennaar, where his architectural genius will not find much scope.

The wide staircase at the south corner leads past the spot where Gordon fell, now marked by an inscription on a granite block. His few faithful guards died around him, save one Sudanese of great strength, who survived though terribly hacked about. He is now a native officer of high rank in our Service. He is a man of distinguished appearance, and much respected. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. I was told by the Chaplain some interesting matters connected with this fine old soldier. He wants to be admitted into the Christian church, and has repeatedly pressed his claim thus: "I have no more belief in the religion of the Prophet, I am at heart of your faith. Let me join your church for the sake of my wife and two daughters, who, like myself, want to be Christians. I am afraid for their fate if they have not the freedom of your religion." But Mr. Gwynne told him he dare not take any step in the matter, if he did he would be at once sent back to England. Some day when there may be a public church the veteran can attend

if he pleases; meantime it seems a hard case to be refused.

The state and private apartments of the Palace are finely proportioned, simply furnished, but with quiet dignity. A beautiful tame leopard keeps guard at the stairs leading to the Sirdar's apartments, but I was more interested in the study of a dignified bird who keeps sentry-go in the palace garden. He is a distinguished visitor from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the first of his species to reach more northern latitudes. Since his sojourn at the Palace he has become quite tame, and may ramble over all the vast garden, but he prefers the society of the notables, always taking up his station near the terraces and the rosery, apparently knowing the importance of a bird scientifically labelled *Balenieeps Rex*. His plumage is of a bronze-brown. He has a great black bill and pouch, and long elegant legs like a crane. His eyes are a cold sea-green. He is said to be a pelican, but the natives call him Abu-Markuk—"the father of shoes"—out of compliment to his remarkable bill, like whalebone or old patent leather. This strange bird is becoming quite vain, and seems to enjoy being noticed and photographed. But one day he got too much of it, and deliberately marched out of focus, striding away like a lifeguardsman. On another occasion he squatted down yawning, showing a huge mouth like a sleepy crocodile's. He has a special attendant, and is fed on fresh fish. Pity he could not be trusted to do his own fishing in the Blue Nile hard by; he would then be an interesting subject for a snapshot. But such freedom might tempt him from his allegiance to the Sirdar's home.

Other public buildings are fast rising in Khartoum. War Office, Treasury, Courts of Justice, Post and Telegraphs, Government Stores, Mudirieh, Police and Military Barracks, Soldiers' Club, are all rapidly approaching completion, and are all handsome specimens of Royal-Engineer-architecture. Shops, warehouses and stores are being built rapidly by private enterprise. The trade at present is mostly in the hands of Greeks, but British merchants may find it to their interest to come by-and-bye. Almost every block has some important building in progress. The "Sudan Club," to which I was invited, is one of the best I have ever used. It is situated in a lovely garden of four acres, extending down to the river. Two banks are in full operation, the Bank of Egypt and the National Bank. Both have fine buildings, and one of them is beautiful, with shady verandahs all around. Many handsome private houses are rising up. The Gordon College is ready for the roof. It is intended to be a great technical training-school, where all useful trades will be taught. Many years of war, rapine, slave-raiding, massacres, and constant unrest have depopulated the land and destroyed all the ancient handicrafts. The art of laying bricks was lost among the natives. The houses are being built by Italians, and carpentering, plastering, etc., are done by imported labor. But the natives are intelligent, and seem anxious to learn. Being well paid for their labor, the present security will tempt the people back to the place. The great want of the Sudan is a peaceful and industrious population.

Since the suppression of the slave trade the only exports are gum and ivory. I saw no ivory, but half a mile of gum, spread out on the dry beach at Omdurman, giving employment to hundreds of native women, busily engaged assorting the various qualities.

The English Church service is held in one of the large rooms in the Palace, and is attended by commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and by British residents. The rank and file

of the British soldiers cannot be accommodated, but Lady Wingate has started a subscription-list for building and endowing a handsome church, worthy of this important centre of British civilization. The Catholics, Greek Church, and Coptic bodies have their own places of worship, and a large Mosque is in course of erection. The music of the Palace service is excellent, Lady Wingate leading the choir, which she trains herself. It is, of course, entirely voluntary. After the service "God Save the King" was sung. This has been done every Sunday since Lord Kitchener held the Memorial Service at the "Funeral of Gordon," September 2, 1898. The Chaplain, Rev. Llewellyn Gwynne, is a great favorite, a good working parson, active in every good work. He is also a fine footballer and cricketer, and an adept at lawn tennis. He is beloved by the natives, and when I went round the town with him, it was pleasant to see the smiling greetings he received. Every one seemed to regard him as a friend. Mr. Gwynne was on his way to Central Africa as a missionary, but Lord Kitchener persuaded him to remain as British Chaplain at Khartoum, and so he was permitted to sign for seven years' duty.

In the Palace garden I had noticed a curious stone carving of evident late Roman work. It represents a sheep or lamb, the wool being carved rudely in high relief. On removing the gravel from the base I found a hieroglyphic inscription, and at the front a cartouche of some king.[2] On mentioning my curiosity about this stone animal to Father Ohrwalder, he told me all he knew about it. It came from the ruins of Soba (the same word as Sheba, he explained), once a great Christian city on the Blue Nile, thirty miles south of Khartoum, and the block was brought in Gordon's day, and preserved because of the tradition that it had been made by Christians. The ruined remains of Soba extend over several miles of desert. Many cargoes of stone and bricks were brought thence to build Khartoum prior to Gordon's time, by a Moslem governor, who, when he was told the ruins were Christian, ordered them to be used up for building the new city. There is a tradition of there having been a brick bridge over the Nile opposite Soba, which may have been destroyed in a similar manner. Colonel Stanton, Governor of Khartoum, has recently made researches among the ruins. There are many remains of buildings and columns protruding out of the sand, every capital bearing the cross. There have been also found more of the stone lambs which originally formed avenues after the manner of Egyptian lines of sphinxes, but they have no look of being Egyptian work. Father Ohrwalder considered the animal represented was the Christian Paschal Lamb. Colonel Stanton will have the ruins cleared from sand when the hot season is over, and plans and photographs taken; meantime he sent me a sketch of one of the fallen capitals. Recent inquiries show that a highway extended from Soba sixty miles northwards to another city, the ruins of which are still extant, named

[2] Unfortunately these inscriptions (I am informed by Dr. Budge, Dr. Petrie, Mr. F. L. Griffith and others) cannot as yet be deciphered. The characters are Egyptian, but here they express the old language of Nubia, which is lost to us. Scientific investigation of the various ruins will almost certainly discover bilingual texts which will enable the lost language to be read. I am informed by Mr. Newberry that there are villages in Egypt where the native Christians still speak the Coptic language which was supposed to be lost. In the same manner when we get the Sudan fully surveyed, people may be found who still retain vestiges of the lost Nubian language, which might lead to these queer hieroglyphs being read in the same way that the Coptic words and script (a survival of Greek) led to the reading of old Egyptian words.

Naga. Here there are extensive ruins of Egyptian and Roman buildings in much better preservation than those of Soba. Ruins are found at frequent intervals all along this ancient road, while there are carved rock-hewn tombs and sculptures on the rocks further to the east. There are traditions of a powerful Christian kingdom having existed for centuries in this region, till swept away by the Moslem conquest of the country.

Mr. Gwynne told me of an interview with a very intelligent and loyal sheikh, who was much respected in the neighborhood. This man said to the chaplain: "We were all Christians here some centuries ago. My grandfathers (ancestors) were made to renounce it or die, and forced to become Moslems. The country never prospered as it does under your people. Now, when you have your rule consolidated, you will take us by the throat too, and make us all of your faith: you would not be human if you did not." The chaplain said, "No, we won't, we believe in the heart's convictions, and force no man to change his faith." The sheikh shook his head, but said, "Stay with us: you are a blessing to us such as we never knew before, and you protect us."

Colonel Stanton writes me, since my visit, of tidings of ruins eighty miles off, towards Darfur, and also in many other places near and beyond the Nile on both sides. The buildings at Naga are very remarkable as showing the merging of Egyptian architecture into Roman. The date of the Roman work is probably about 350 A. D. But the inscriptions at such a late date being in hieroglyphic, is indeed a puzzle. We are told that Egyptian hieroglyphic writing had gone out, and even its meaning was forgotten, in the second century A. D. Still more remarkable is the knowledge that these monuments bring us, of the existence of the Roman style of architecture so near the equator.

The whole matter is a mystery deserving to be worked out.[3] Lord Cromer and his able lieutenants are keenly alive to its importance, but the Sudan Exchequer has no surplus, and we must wait awhile. Pending the establishing of a Department of Antiquities for the Sudan, orders have been given, I believe, for the registration and preservation of these and other records of the past history of the vast territory (as large as France, the Netherlands, and Germany) which it has fallen to our lot to rule.[4] The whole of the Sudan, it will be found, teems with ancient remains. At Meroë there are twenty-nine pyramids, at Merawi many more, with temples, palaces, and tombs at Napata, Gebel Barkal, Soleb, Semneh, Arquo, and many other places. The existence of these remains all over the land proves that it was not always barbarous. There was, once before, the civiliza-

[3] Since my visit to Khartoum I have found an account of this stone lamb which was, it appears, seen at Soba by Dumichen in 1863. I give his own words: "This ram, with the foundations of a Christian Basilica, and several well-preserved capitals, with the cross upon them, was brought to light by me not far from Soba (the Asta-Sobas of Strabo). This ram is ornamented with Ethiopian hieroglyphics. . . . This proves that where afterwards rose the capital of the old Christian empire (called 'Alua' by the Arab geographers) there formerly existed an old Ethiopian town, Sobas. The ancient name is preserved in that of the village of Soba. According to the Ethiopic inscription this was part of the Meroetic kingdom." From this it seems that Dumichen was able to read the inscription, though the experts of the present day cannot do so.

[4] A comprehensive survey of the Sudan is now in progress under Colonel the Hon. M. G. Talbot. Since my return to London I have seen many of the earlier sheets, far advanced, at our War Office. If this survey be made to embrace the antiquities, all the rest will follow. Once their number and importance is known, the Home Government no doubt will lend a helping hand, if the expense of the care of the antiquities be too much for a country so recently recovered from anarchy that it will be certainly unable to pay its way for some years to come.

tion of a Christian power, as far as and beyond Khartoum. Its history is lost, but scientific examination of the monuments may wrest from them the hidden mysteries of the past.

There is, also, a utilitarian aspect of the case. A Department of Antiquities, once developed, can be made to pay. It will benefit the poor country by drawing towards it, licensed by the Government, explorers who would gladly pay their way. The monuments, being declared the property of the State, would attract visitors and capital to an interesting and unknown land which needs both to advance its development.

The Roman legions in the reign of Augustus penetrated as far as "Æthiopia" to check Queen Candace, but apparently never occupied it, and left no monuments or inscriptions, as far as is known, to record their visit. Brugsch tells us in the *Livre des Rois* that there were Æthiopian kings down to the middle of the Roman epoch, and depicts over a hundred of their cartouches. These are to some extent taken from the volumes of M. Caillaud, who went along with the conquering expedition of Mehemet Ali's son Ismail, in 1818. In this rather scarce work there are upwards of a hundred plates of ancient ruins all along the Nile from Halfa to Naga, which show that a wealth of antiquities await investigation by the use of the spade. Hoskins and Lepsius visited Soleb, Napata, Gebel Barkal, Meroë, and Naga, in 1833 and 1842. They both published many drawings, but no scientific expeditions have been attempted since.

Professor Sayce and I tried to visit these and other localities in the Sudan in 1900 and 1901. We made application to the Sirdar, but without success. We were politely told there were no facilities for explorers, owing to the unsettled state of the country, and we were advised to postpone our projected visits for a time.

Now the case is different, and to use a vulgar phrase, "inspection is invited" so far as concerns Khartoum. With increased facilities and security for visiting all the antiquities along the upper Nile, its lost history may yet be revealed from its monuments.

From what I have seen myself, and read in the travels mentioned above, I am convinced that there are as many unexplored antiquities in the Sudan as in Egypt, and although by no means so ancient, they are worthy of attention by those responsible for the development of the country. Possibly also this wide region may abound in unexpected pre-historic remains, for which no search has ever been made. It is a duty to facilitate and protect such discoveries, and I have no doubt the Government will do its best.

John Ward.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.*

By Edmondo de Amicis.

XI. SACERDOTAL INSTRUCTION.

Lest I should get out of condition on my holiday, I was made to take a daily Latin lesson of an hour from a certain priest. I used to go to the house where he lived with his mother and an aunt and one of these would open the door for me noiselessly, then disappear like a ghost. My priest was a handsome young fellow, blonde and fresh-colored with the brightest blue eyes, eyes which might have led the observer to conjecture that priestly vows were not made for him. He abjured them in truth a few years later in favor of vows of quite another nature. But alack and alas! my young tutor was no more anxious to teach me Latin than I to learn it. It is the recollection of that experience which has made me ever since the unflinching opponent of *tête-à-tête* instruction (unless both parties should chance to be miracles of enthusiasm), because, as a rule, all stimulus is lacking on both sides. At school, on the contrary, a boy's intellectual faculties are quickened and sharpened like those of an actor on the stage, by an electrical communication with his audience, and the continuous action and reaction of every mind upon all the rest. Under the tyrant Ezzelino I was killed with work; with the priest I was bored to death. For a few days we kept up the pretence, he of zeal, I of attention. Then ennui got the better of duty. We were mutual hypnotizers. We used to stare at each other with fixed, expressionless eyes, which would soon begin slowly to glaze like the eyes of one who is going to faint. Then, simultaneously, we would open our mouths, and full in the face of the other, each would indulge in a jaw-dislocating, enormous, interminable yawn, fit to expel all the Latin in our systems, down to the last *cuius*. He, by the way, knew little more about the language than did I. But one day he went off on a side issue, letting in, as it were, the breath of life upon us, and arousing in me a fresh passion destined to leave a profound trace upon my memory. The Church was at that time much engaged in an attempt to rescue the abandoned infants of China. On a sudden impulse the young priest told me about this work, and then asked me if I would undertake to collect among the boys I knew yearly subscriptions of twelve cents, for the salvation from death and perdition of thousands of infants in the Celestial Empire, who had been thrown away like rags or sold like beasts. He added, that I should thus acquire the much coveted title of "collector," that all the collectors would be presented to the Bishop and that four of the most attractive of these, two boys and two girls, would be chosen to take up the collection at a special service to be held in one of the parish churches. For this service he had himself composed the words and music of a hymn to be sung by picked voices, of which mine might perhaps be one. It was like setting a match to a fire-cracker. The thought of saving the babies, the longing for office, a patent for personal beauty and the vision of the Bishop, unexpectedly awakened in me a zeal, which I will not call holy, for too many human sentiments entered into its composi-

*Translated for The Living Age

tion, but which was very wholesome for me, since it aroused both heart and mind which had fallen asleep over Latin. And this raises the question whether it would not be a good plan to introduce into the over-abstract intellectual education of our children the make-weight of some works of public utility, which by its direct purpose and visible effects should stimulate other faculties and other inclinations and teach life as well as doctrine. It seems to me that the idea deserves attention. But to proceed.

The religious sentiment which had not been extinguished in me, but only repressed, like every other affection, by the incubus of school life revived, now that I was brought into closer contact with the Church once more. I began again to say my prayers night and morning. I went to Benediction. I regained all my old fondness for the ceremonies of my faith. I wanted to learn to serve the Mass, and to this end began to frequent a church near our house, where I scraped acquaintance with other sacristy-mice of my own age, and won the favor of certain old priests, who used to give me images of the saints. Whenever I recur to the memories of those days, I see candles gleam and vestments glow. I hear the notes of the organ; the breath of incense seems borne on the air, and once more I catch the flavor, if I may be permitted the expression, of a certain state of conscience, which I have never known since then; a sweet content of heart, and, as it were, a limpidity of soul, which alike vanish, as I pursue them in thought, like those musical phrases which ring in the mind, but are gone when we attempt to set them down in notes and bars. I toyed in those days with the idea of taking holy orders.

But, alack!—a sinful cloud soon overspread that seraphic serenity. The priestling with the azure eyes, one day assembled at his house all the collectors and collectresses, some twenty in number, myself included, that we might learn the hymn we were to sing in church, and which, I remember, began with the line:—

"There, in unfriendly China—

The collectresses were almost all gently-born girls of my own age, and some of them were uncommonly pretty. I found their presence very distracting. Beside them I lost all thought of China and Bishop and church, and had soul and sense for them only. In the room where I recited my Latin stood a piano, on which a lad of fifteen, the son of an organist, was "trying over" the music of the hymn to the admiration of all. The enthusiasm of the girls roused in me an idiotic jealousy. Presently I could no longer contain myself, but asked the player, none too civilly, to let me play. Such ignorance at my age will seem incredible, but it is positively true that I still thought that to play the piano it was only necessary to know the tune one wished to perform, and then smite the key-board freely, as one would whistle a tune by the ear. Laboring under this amazing delusion, I insisted so strongly that the boy, fancying I knew something about music, yielded me his post for a moment. Imagine the astonishment and shame which resulted from my attempt! My mortification was profound, and even to-day, after the lapse of so many summers, I could feel again the full bitterness of my *exposé*. did I not reason with and rate myself for a vanity which ought long since to have been dead and buried.

Nor was this the most idiotic exhibition which I made of myself during the ecclesiastical phase of my development. I will tell the tale in full, if so be I may dissipate the last remnants of my spirit of vainglory. The day of the solemn function arrived. The

church was packed with people. The two collectors and two collectresses who were to make the rounds with a handsome money-bag and receive the offerings, had been assigned a bench near the high altar. A truce to modesty! We were two uncommonly good-looking boys and the same might be said of the girls. Of one of the latter I have no recollection whatever, the other became in later days the wife of a director of the *Banca Nazionale*, while my colleague blossomed into a celebrated lawyer. We were dressed like little princes, gloved and perfumed,—four dazzling objects! They had told us beforehand which was the row of benches up which each was to pass. During service I committed the sin of thinking too much about my neighbor, the future banker's wife, who had a white dress which came into gentle contact with my own black coat. The signal made by the priest for us to start surprised me in my absorption. So far had my thoughts strayed from the duties of my office, that when recalled to these, I became confused, and as soon as I had finished with my first bench, where every one had given me a penny, I somehow missed my reckoning and instead of following my appointed way, plunged among the other benches, where one of the girls had preceded me and where I did not pick up a single farthing. The unexpected series of refusals, which I took for the result of personal antipathy, made me lose my head entirely, everything swam before my eyes; I did not see the frantic signs by which they tried to set me straight, but went wandering blindly on from bench to bench in stupid embarrassment, with blank looks, which instead of stimulating charity only provoked merriment; and after an interminable pilgrimage, during which I suffered tortures, I returned to the bench of the collectors,—now become for me the bench of a pillory—with seven cents in my bag. Oh, but life is hard! What a thing are the impressions one receives at that age! We have reached the end of the century whose course was then only half run, and still I never hear the word *collector* that a sarcastic voice does not whisper in my ear, "Seven cents, Mr. Collector! Seven cents, and such a spectacle as you have made of yourself!"

But at that age, we are quickly on our feet again, even after the most serious overthrow. The humiliation I had suffered in church did not prevent my hearty enjoyment of the day when our priest took me, together with my colleagues, boys and girls, to pay our visit to the Bishop. He was an old man with snowy hair, with a form already bent, and a countenance both grave and sweet. He had various priests about him, among whom I recognized the Lenten preacher who was then delivering a series of sermons in the Duomo, a handsome man of dark complexion, with long hair and gold-rimmed glasses and the general air of a scientist. His unexpected appearance disturbed me, because one Sunday, while he was fulminating from the pulpit against certain sinners, with thundering voice and threatening gesture, he had happened to fix on me, as I sat close up to the pulpit, a gaze so keen and penetrating that it had made me shiver. The Bishop asked us all our names, and when my turn came, the preacher made some sort of a joke about the Latinity of my patronymic. The joke, and the kindly air and smile with which it was uttered, produced on me the effect of an absolution and dispelled all terror from my mind. Of what the Bishop said I only recall a compliment, directed with a smile to my priest,—"You are the mainstay of the organization": and I remember

the joy which suffused the recipient of this praise, like that produced by the encomiums of Napoleon upon the grenadiers of his guard. Alas, poor "main-stay," so soon to collapse like a reed! How curious, too, are the associations of memory! From my first reading of the *Promessi Sposi*, I have always imagined Cardinal Federico with the lineaments of that old bishop, which, had I any skill with the pencil, I could reproduce with absolute accuracy, down to the little mole he had at one side of his mouth,—a mole which my brothers used to declare was artificial; thereby putting me in a rage.

How it happened that all this religious fervor of mine died away, I cannot say. There is a gap in my memory at this point as at so many others. It is as if that little ecclesiastical world had disappeared from my universe, like a meteor. I do remember that my duties as collector became each month more difficult, because it grew harder and harder to extort from the poor subscribers the promised pittance; and one day I came home almost crying, because the poultry-woman, who had handed me her cent with no good grace and after a long search in her pocket, had accompanied her subscription with a severe glance and the question:—"Do all these coppers really find their way where they belong?" I resigned my office that very day.

Really my luck with China was no better than was to be that of the Italian government, forty years later.

XII. BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

When school opened again in the autumn, I had to go back to the *Terza Grammatica* and to its tyrant. But I found it much more bearable than I had done the year before, partly because I was a little older, partly on account of my long holiday. Ezzelino, however, still inspired me with a great terror. And, unluckily, I afforded him a memorable occasion for being terrible.

It was the occasion of my first—let me call it flirtation rather than love-affair. I do not think one can fall deeply in love at eleven. One of my then class-mates and intimate friends, who now occupies an important office in the administration of the Postal Service, lost his heart after his fashion—which presently became my own—to a girl of his own age, the daughter of a lawyer. She went and came each day from some private school, with one of her little friends whose father was a notary, along the streets by which we boys went home, and I lost my heart to the friend. The double transfer resulted from the fact that the two schools closed at the same moment. Each day, as soon as school was over we went to wait for our two charmers, at a certain street corner, bold as a couple of Don Giovannis before they came in sight, but intimidated by their advent at the end of the street, and trembling like two tousled puppies when they drew near. All the fury of our passion never led us to anything more than certain exclamations *à la* Petrarch, which, blushing the while to our ears, we forced our lips to utter as they passed, with heads bent demurely and eyes fixed upon the ground and smiling at the pavement. Then we would take to our heels, one lashed by dread of the lawyer's cane, the other by that of the notary's boot; and later we would hold interminable discussions about the affair, which seemed to us to invite to exploits like those of the Knights of old.

This innocent little game went on for some two months, after much the same fashion, and with no painful consequences. But one morning, at school while one of the boys was trans-

lating from the Georgics, the beadle came in with a letter for the master. He opened and read it in frowning silence, then gave a long look at me and another at my friend, who sat on the other side of the room. These two looks were for us two flashlights, revealing the awful truth. We exchanged a glance. Each read in the face of the other his own thought; we knew we were lost. I can still see the pale and frightened face of my accomplice which must have been the counterpart of my own.

The professor did not interrupt the recitation, but his treatment of us was more cruel than if he had emptied the vials of his wrath upon us in the presence of the entire school. Perceiving that we understood, he baited us for an hour with all sorts of veiled allusions, suggested—remotely—by the Vergilian hexameters. The last of these,—"There are others who love!"—apropos of the clause, "vineyards love sunlight," hissed through the teeth and accompanied by a fiery glance, was so obvious that many of our companions turned round and stared at us, thus redoubling our terror.

At last the fatal moment came. "So-and-so and So-and-so will stay," said the professor when the beadle came to announce the close of the session.

When the room was empty, we dragged ourselves up to his desk with the gait of two criminals going to the gallows.

The professor read us the letter, slowly and emphatically, so that each word struck home to our hearts. It bore no signature, but was an anonymous statement of our "affair." Moreover it contained a calumny, for it spoke of "presents given and received," though we could have called our empty purses to witness that our love had not cost us a penny. It closed by begging the professor to induce us to desist from our courtship, unless we wished to "pay a heavy price" for our audacity.

Our first idea was that it had been written by one of the two fathers, a most improbable hypothesis since it accused the girls of having made us presents. Much later our suspicions became fixed on a student in Philosophy, our friend and a great tease. But we never solved the mystery. The truth is that the obscure threat contained in the words "pay a heavy price," which left the imagination free play between a kick and a pistol-ball, sufficed to keep us quiet.

The admonitions of the Tyrant were far more tragic. If we had seized those two innocent maidens and carried them off to Switzerland, he couldn't have said much more. He described us as two hardened libertines, a terror to honest folk and a disgrace to the city. He discoursed of legal penalties, and, as was his wont, of eternal justice, and quoted the fifth canto of the *Inferno*. In short he said so much, with such an air and such an accent, that finally we both burst into tears, my friend as well as I, though he prided himself on his strength of character and was fond of quoting, I remember, two lines from Dante, rolled into one:—

"*Sta come torre e lascia dir le genti.*"[1]

And so our love perished by a violent death. But it was not accompanied by the reformation of the offenders, precisely because Ezzelino, according to his fashion and that of many another, tried to make a crime out of an act of childish folly in which there was nothing disgraceful. If he had given us a good scolding, confining himself to the impropriety of dogging the footsteps of two well-mannered and unprotected little girls, I am sure that we should have understood and repented. But his attitude,

[1] As a tower he stands and suffers men to rave.

when the first shock was over, tickled our self-conceit by a sense of the temerity we had shown in thus defying all laws, both human and divine. And later, when all excitement had died away and we appraised at their true value both the little fault and the tremendous harangue, it seemed to us a good joke and the orator an inexperienced idiot.

All the same, from that day on, we took another road upon our homeward way, and to console ourselves for the bursting of love's bubble we devoted ourselves with ardor to our rubber balls.

(To be continued.)

Nuova Antologia.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

I was on skates, and the Zuyder Zee lay before me, ice-bound to the horizon. The glamour of the sunset hour was upon it. The turfy tongues of low land east and west were dark purple shadows with the heavy-roofed farmsteads showing as crimson spots on them. Overhead the sky was still of a clear watery blue, but the mist was rising steadily towards the zenith, a yellow, almost golden vapor with the dull red sun sinking in it, poised on a pointed reed one moment, the next sliding behind it. Before me lay a world of level ice, suffused in a soft violet glow.

Marken Island was but three miles to the east, yet there was no sign of it,—only the quaint shapes of the Marken men and women coming and going through the haze. The vast bag of the men's breeches spread out before the breeze like a sail, and the long flaxen curls (one on each side) with which the blue-eyed Marken dames kindle love in the hearts of mankind swayed fore and aft of their black bodices. Square-cut monstrosities the ladies seemed from their waists downwards; but they were gay, one and all, and confident in the charms of their mellow fashion-plates. When safe ice links Marken to the mainland, life is mere holiday. There is no work to do outside the black cottages. Ducks and children are soon fed, and while the youngsters slide and tumble about the rather nasty ditches with which the tenements are laced on all sides, the adults link arms and go forth to see the world. The journey costs not a stiver; by sea and canal they may travel even to Amsterdam and back in the day. For the lazier of them the old red coast town of Monnickendam suffices. A sort of canvas fair is here rigged up on the ice, with a forest of masts behind, each fluttering a pennon. Chocolate and coffee and gingerbread are in the tents, and on the drawbridge which spans the neck of the little harbor the fishermen of Monnickendam loll in thick clothes early and late, exchanging salutations and jests with their island friends. No wonder the Marken folk are happy. With a mainland Sacrament Day thrown in, their bliss, of soul and body, is made complete. They sport in the present like wise ephemera.

The certified course across the sea was indicated by a winding avenue of tall grass-tufts set in the ice; but who was likely to keep to this dishevelled and powdery track when on both hands there was such ample choice of surface? The sky-blue blocks sawn out here and there showed a good five

inches of thickness, which surely was guarantee for anybody; and besides, knowing the history of this mere flooded meadow of a sea, I at least was tempted to despise its perils. Nor was I punished for my temerity this night at all events. I sped on in the last rosy flush of the day, till a dusky shape rose in front, broke into shadowy cubes, opened out into suggestions of faint amber lines, where Marken, like the rest of Holland, fights the tides with embankments, and a sheaf of motionless masts appeared.

Very bad was the going for the last quarter of a mile. Here the islanders had evidently held revel, and there was a suspicious amount of moisture in the cold slush. A short but dismal trudge through it brought me to the solid harbor, already mantled by the dusk. A curious track meandering along embankments, over little bridges and up rugged streets as narrow as sheepruns, led to the inn. The gorgeous bodices of the Marken dames brightened the thresholds of their houses, and their loud and somewhat shrill chatter and laughing broke the stillness.

Cold was the night that followed. The mist fled and Marken was canopied with stars. The yellow light of lamps by the brickset little road which connects the harbor-village with the town proper, and far away across the grassy interior, twinkled crudely in the blackness. Peat-reek sweetened the strong air.

Indoors I was waited upon by a Marken maid with wonderful cheeks. She wore the fly-away local curls and the costume of the photographs, and she left her shoes outside the room whenever she herself entered it. Marken does not profess to receive visitors in winter, and lone customers, therefore, get but a coarse and chilly welcome. I ate venerable beefsteaks in a temperature only eight degrees above freezing-point; and I slept in a room of five windows, all heavily frosted, with a temperature lower still. Ere then, however, it seemed well to view the town and its precincts under the lustrous young moon which was striving to silver the landscape. The ditches were crowded with children, some of a goodly size. Courtships, too, were plainly in progress on those long-toed skates which the Dutchman still uses in defiance of modern improvements. The smoke of the pipes of Marken's adults rose in the air from the sheltered street-corners; little these seasoned salts seemed to care for the cold.

By polite invitation of a rubicund man in a thick blue jersey, I entered his house in the main street of the town. I had fancied he mentioned the word coffee, but it was not coffee at all; he merely wished me to see the graces of his domestic interior. Hospitality of this kind is common in Marken. Ere leaving the island I accepted two other such invitations, one of which eventuated, I am sorry to add, in an earnest plea for five-cent pieces, after I had admired, somewhat unduly, the array of cheap and chipped china with which the walls were hidden, and the really charming old tiles that encompassed the hearth. A coffee-pot, bright as a new penny, hung over two or three peat-embers set so precisely that one could have sworn no speck of fuel had a chance to escape from the general combustion. The idiot boy of the family sat huddled in the chimney corner, and when his mother had drawn attention to his misfortunes and the fact that there was nothing in the pot but potatoes, and nothing else edible in the house except bread and salt, his picturesque and garrulous little sisters unblushingly begged. The damsels were not easy to satisfy either, which seemed a

startling pity in such a spot. But this is the way of things since artists have taken to come here in the summer time. The average Marken girl knows the exact value of her complexion. Thirty years ago she would have run from the stranger as from a bear; now she bargains with him.

My kindly friend of the town really did, however, seem to require nothing from me save admiration and plenty of it. His room was in the half light Gerard Dou loved to paint. A very small candle was set artfully to yield pictorial effects. An amiable old lady in a white cap nestled to the peats of a tiny fire, with more old blue and white tiles to its hearth. Burnished articles of copper and brass and innumerable platters were strung on all sides; and a stately cat (or the effigy of one) sat solemn and motionless on the charcoal-box which ought, strictly speaking, to have been under the old lady's petticoats. I praised the prospect and, sorry for the mistake about the coffee, would have withdrawn with a few commonplaces; but there was something special here to see and it was now produced. "The Bible of my great-grandmother!" The old lady haled it forth reverently from a cupboard and held the candle while I looked at it. A beautiful book it was, indeed, with its filigreed silver corners and clasp and a long chain, also of silver, for the worshipper's neck on her way to church. "You understand, mynheer, her *great*-grandmother," said the good man. "Take it in your hands." I praised and praised, asked as delicately as possible if by chance so beautiful a book was being offered to me as, maybe, a travelling merchant in antiquities, and praised louder than before, and with much more conscience, when I found I had imagined a vain thing.

And so off I went to my cold bed in the five-windowed room, the walls and ceiling of which were enamelled so purely white that, with the bracing atmosphere to boot, I could have fancied I was in a chamber of snow. There was an icy draught besides, for the door was a summer door and declined to shut. It was a shivering night. I had helped myself liberally to mustard at dinner to see if that would warm me; and now I longed again for the mustard-pot.

The next morning opened with abundant promise of a perfect winter's day. The sun's fiery radiance fought at the lower panes of my eastern window while I dressed; but the frost on the glass was dense and stoutly blocked the sun. Below, the sound of hearty scrubbing was to be heard, and I was soon in the midst of it. Two red-armed and red-cheeked girls were on their knees in a cloud of steam. They scrubbed before I was down, while I ate my breakfast on a dry patch, and I left them at it hissing over their clouts like an industrious hostler. Winter and summer this is their much-loved morning pastime. The flea that can live a month in this Marken inn must be of untiring vigilance and profoundly acquainted with its chinks and corners.

Under its white blanket of rime and the blue sky the island looked cheerful enough,—more cheerful than the loungers at the street-corners. These bore the characteristic congealing tear to their nose-tips, and bore it as if it were an inevitable indignity rather than a decoration. Their pipes could not melt it, nor yet put comfort into their rugged countenances, beetroot and damson in hue. Why they thus braved it idly in the open was not apparent, but probably their wives could have given the reason. They grumbled a *good-morning*, as if after thirty or forty years of married life they were not yet quite reconciled to the tyranny of domestic ordinances.

I was soon at sea again, with my face this time towards Volendam. A sign-post stuck in the ice, with the town's name done in tar on it, had attracted me on the previous evening. The Marken innkeeper did not care for my programme. He believed the ice was safe, but it was reported bad in quality. A mere league of indifferent ice, however, seemed no such severe trial and I proceeded to open my oyster.

I had the route much to myself. Already there was a fair traffic of skaters on the Monnickendam thoroughfare,—a black figure every two or three hundred yards; here were only one eager boy in a vast blue comforter, who attached himself to me to speculate at his leisure about my Sheffield skates, a sweeper or two, shaking in the keen cold, earning their fifths of a penny hardly, poor souls,—and that was all. The Zuyder Zee still kept its distances cloaked; Volendam was as invisible as Monnickendam. I might, from all appearances, have been bound for the North Pole.

The boy with the blue comforter left me at the end of the first mile or so, a greater spectacle being in the offing. It was only an ice-yacht from the mainland, but a pretty sight nevertheless as it curved at the will of its helmsman and the wind, skimming the surface like a gigantic albatross. It came and went, shooting finally for Marken with delirious speed, my late companion all arms and legs as he chased it with loud cries from his guarded throat.

There was one more sweeper, this time a wry little parody of a man, unfortunate (as the phrase goes), like the idiot boy in the Marken chimney corner; and then I had a bare horizon before me. Something led me to pause and exchange words with this poor fellow. He had a very red face, but his lack of intellect was his most conspicuous quality. As good luck would have it, I gave him two copper coins instead of the usual, though not imperative, dole of one. At least, I suppose it was good luck; it might at any rate have been fatal if I had passed him by at the run without taking hand from pocket. One cannot be axiomatic about the brains of an unfortunate. Be that as it may, a minute or two later I was through the ice and no one but the unfortunate was in sight.

I deserved the accident. Had I kept to the route sketched out by the reed-tufts, I should have had my safety assured. There was, however, a seducing patch away to the left, black and glassy, virgin ice in fact; and when I was in the very middle of it, crack it went, and my feet lost bottom. It was quite a comfortable let-down, all things considered, and free from any violent shock. I found myself surveying the Zuyder Zee from my elbows, interested at first rather than alarmed by the new nature of the prospect.

But some five minutes of careful struggling much changed the situation. Twice I managed to get one leg out, once both legs to the very tip of my skates. Discreet spread-eagling might, I hoped, do the business and enable me to crawl to the sound margin and so home somewhere, in dismal plight enough, yet whole in bone and wind. But each effort ended in failure and an enlargement of the black, and now, forbidding pool behind me. Then, with shortening breath, I understood that I was in a mess. The half-witted sweeper was in sight of course, but he seemed unreasonably remote, and moreover he was plying his broom with his back toward me.

Clearly it was advisable to shout. I felt numb already and, which troubled me more, the ice on each side was gradually dipping from the horizontal

under the weight of my arms. I shouted several times before my sweeper even stopped sweeping. He looked up, did not see me, and renewed his simple labors. This time I was determined that he should hear and understand; and he did both. Up went his arms in dismay and he too shouted. He did not move, but he shouted and shouted.

On this footing the predicament rested for several important minutes.

Little by little my arms sank with the yielding ice. The cold was severe. I rejoiced in my buckskin gloves, which did not slide from ice like clemmed naked fingers. But really, on precise reflection, I began to doubt if it were common sense to prolong a situation which had so little fair promise at the end of it.

As a preliminary to the next stage of the adventure, I endeavored to touch the bottom of the Zuyder Zee. You see, I still regarded this area of fourteen hundred miles of water between Friesland and North Holland as a mere flooded meadow. We are told that in the thirteenth century the German Ocean broke in and drowned a province, men, women, children, and villages innumerable. Some think the Rhine helped the inundation by unsettling the peaty surface of the land and then in full flood joining the huge salted wave from the north. On the whole, there may be something in this theory, for the Zuyder Zee's water is little worse than brackish; at all events, it is not a primeval ocean, or anything like it. The Dutchman's recent determination to get it drained and studded with cows and tulip-beds doubtless encouraged me in my contempt for it.

But of course I touched nothing, even at nearly full stretch, except water. A church-steeple would have been welcome, but there was nothing. And my teeth began to chatter, quite as much, I hope, from disgust as craven cold.

The still lower level of my arm-supports checked all further experiments in this direction; and again common-sense put in a plea and whispered, "Give it up, and go down without more fuss." I was conscious of a growing heaviness. My clothes were thick, and had already absorbed water to the very skin. A small knapsack on my back had also done its best in this direction, lying loggily between the shoulder-blades. And,—really things could not go on thus much longer: there must be rescue or catastrophe soon. A comfortable indifference to either crept into me as insidiously as a perfume.

All this time I was entirely in the hands of the idiot sweeper. It rested with him; well, and so it might for all I cared. And at this stage I saw myself, in fancy serenely at the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, face upwards, and head pillowed on the knapsack which had helped me under like a brick round a puppy's neck. The sight was interesting; the literary temperament is not a pure blessing to its possessor, but its ironic moods have their good side. For all I know to the contrary, I may owe it thanks for being able thus to find a certain diversion in an impersonal estimate of this cool and worsening situation. A gulp or two, and then eternal rest in a weedy bed! It did not seem at all disquieting. Why should not I share in that estate of "herrings, turbot and other marine indigenæ" which Horace Walpole declared the Dutch people to have usurped?

But to my idiot now came another man, tall and broad, with a capable look about the shoulders; even at a distance, he had a rousingly practical air. The sight of him acted like a tonic on my drowsing energies and again I shouted, for the minutes were passing and my props were drooping

methodically. I knew pretty well that I should have little power or finger-grip left to grapple for fresh buttresses when the crack came right or left. Of the two arms the right was the lower in the water; but I was sodden to both elbows.

They moved toward me with loud talk and gesticulations, at a walk, and not a fast one either. It was easy guessing what was in their minds. They had no proper life-saving material, and their combined intellects were baffled by their responsibility. They had a broom apiece and that was all.

At thirty paces from me they halted and the second man encouraged me with despairing shakes of the head and cries which I made no effort to interpret. The poor idiot's arms were stuck up as if in appeal to the pale blue sky. I was being told that I ought not to have gone from the track, and that they did not know what to do to get me out. This was magnificent! I knew it all myself and made no comment; my jaws were too earnestly chattering about the cold for further attempts at coherent speech.

It seemed odd that I should have to go down in the very moment when hope was almost near enough to shake hands with; but I accepted my fate now less hesitantly than ever. Though my teeth rattled and I breathed a hundred to the minute, I felt far from miserable.

But suddenly my man was visited with an inspiration. Off went his jacket. He had something round his waist and he tore it from him; something round his neck also, and that too was removed. Lastly, something in his pockets and this, being discovered, was with fierce quickness joined to the other things. What it all was I could not at this stage exactly see; matters generally were visible only through a pearly mist, which did not spoil their appearance though it blurred them.

I gasped and gasped and, glancing to the right, realized that I was in water to the shoulder. Well, so be it.

And now the worst of all was at hand. A wisp of something brown fluttered before my eyes, heralded by hoarse cries from the two men. Should I or should I not bother about it? That was the question which put itself to me. Upon the whole, I was quite as comfortable as in the circumstances I had the right to expect to be. Any further active resistance to doom was hateful to think of. I perfectly understood that I was bound for the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, but I saw no sufficient reason why I should hurry on that journey. When my arm-rests were bent to the snapping-point, then I would go; but not before.

The brown thing lay under my nose. In a flash I felt prompted to give it a trial. Loosing both supports, I grabbed the thing with leaden hands, first one and then the other. At the same instant I caught myself wondering how any fellow, though ever so impecunious, could think it worth his while to wear such a moth-eaten old scarf as this. Yells of rejoicing or endeavor followed. There was a jerk and a snap and I was in again, to the neck this time. Of their own accord my arms sprang out to their old friendly barriers. Crack went one and it was by mere instinct that both hands clutched the ice in front just as I sank in.

This shock, after such peaceful and resigned waiting in the vestibule of the grand mansion of my Lord Death, was really terrible. My breathing increased about fifty per cent. in speed. I felt as if a world had tumbled about my head. The ruins had not yet settled down to annihilate me, but they were bound to do it in a moment or two. Well, it behooved still to tarry in pa-

tience. One way or the other, it could not now be long.

Again that brown thing dropped before my eyes, and the shouts from beyond intensified in tone. They seemed rather more remote than before, as if they scarcely concerned me; the cold trickling down my spine of the fresh douche was a much more personal detail. The brown thing wriggled; they were fishing for me as one lures a trout. I took it gingerly this time, eyeing its defects at very close quarters. Inch by inch, I went up it, hand over hand. There was a cord above such as might have been taken from a window-sash. Could I reach that? I did, and with all the strength left in the muscles of my frozen fingers fastened on it. Then came the tug. A cry of furious exhilaration sounded quite near, over my head almost. But Heavens! who was trying to cut me in two at the waist? This was more than even frozen flesh and blood could bear. It ended suddenly. The cord broke this time; and again my gloves saved me, as I slid back, in giving me a grip which no naked fingers such as mine then were could have found.

Very odd to recall at ease is the recrudescence of vitality which seemed to follow this second disaster. I caught myself studying keenly the movements of my red-faced hero a few yards sunwards. Gasping like a half-dead dog, despairing too, I could yet nod approval of the revised system of knots which were to give me another chance. It was not that I felt as if I cared over much to get landed, but it did seem a pity that success should not crown the toils of so primitive a life-saving apparatus. A third time, however, black failure hit like a thunderbolt. This was too much and keeping out of the water again, I know not how, the haze thickened before my eyes, and, though I felt nothing in particular, I wished all was over.

A long pause followed. My men spoke in tired whispers,—at least they sounded tired. What they were doing I cared little. Conscious of a creeping chill which nothing could resist much longer, and of a heaviness which dragged at my feet like hundredweights, I faintly wondered why the ice in front did not break up like that at the sides.

It was a tedious business; not painful, but tiresome exceedingly. The bottom of the Zuyder Zee seemed a consummation devoutly to be desired. The whispers continued. The whisperers, I believed, stood in the attitude of well-disposed spectators at a death-bed. They were impotent, and in standing quietly by to see the end they were doing all that was humanly in their power. But in truth my good stalwart friend was not resigned down to that point. He had in fact been rapidly knotting afresh, and now, when all seemed over save the last slip, the cord by itself swished to my face.

It was the last attempt; they and I both knew that. On their part, even as it was, they accounted it useless, but there was still the chance. And I too believed it useless, but went feebly for that poor pale last chance. My fingers were well nigh dead; they could rest idly on a rim of ice, but they could not clutch, and they could hold nothing. That was soon shown, for the rope was drawn through them like a glove from a hand. But again it was before me, and now I put my teeth to it and with my teeth slowly wound it round the right wrist again, again and again. With the dregs of instinct still in me, I swayed my heels backwards; the psychological moment was seized when the chest was at an easier angle to the barrier in front and I rose from the water. A shout of triumph told me that hope still lived, and then out I came, swiftly along the sur-

face of the ice, and so to the hard wooden shoes of my rescuer.

I have made a long story of this half-hour or so of struggle, suspense, despair and other emotions to point a fine old moral. There is no need to mention the moral itself.

About the sequel I could say much, if only to testify to the kindness of the Good Samaritans of Volendam who by and by wrapped me in hot blankets and fought my chills with rum and water and congratulations.

The walk of a mile and a half on the arms of my two helpers to Volendam was a hard experience. It seemed to me that I shivered vigorously enough to shake all the north of Europe. Sense was almost gone from me, but I trotted on, with secret groans and others which I fear were not secret. The kindly idiot patted the purple hand that hung limply through his arm. His companion urged me forward with sound arguments—"You must not stop, mynheer"—"We shall soon be there"—and other simple speeches which stood out plain to me against a nebulous background of semi-unconsciousness, colored at intervals crimson, yellow, and green. But how I did shiver! What meteoric coruscations were before my eyes! And what an unending labor it seemed, with the water freezing all over me and each footstep more clogged than its predecessor? A sledge was trundled out to meet us when Volendam's masts were near. Down I dropped on it like a carcase; and in this forlorn plight I reached the little town jubilant of so many memories of distinguished knights and barons of the pencil. I saw nothing of the crowds through which they finally led me, drooping like a broken-headed poppy, to the hotel of Heer Spaander, a man who would resuscitate the dead if that were a talent to be acquired.

It was interesting to be told by and by that the sponge alone in my knapsack weighed more than eight pounds avoirdupois in Volendam; interesting also to scan an Admiralty Chart of the Zuyder Zee and mark its average shallowness (ranging from sixty feet near the Helder to nine or ten feet in my part and one foot only by the island of Urk); most interesting of all to see the joy of my host and his amiable family round me and the stove when they heard the tale told by my good friends and guides across that desert of ice: they clinked glasses, though there was nothing in the glasses but sugar and water.

Ere they got me to bed, a solemn gray mist crept over land and sea. Such a mist would have baffled my poor idiot sweeper had I called to him from it. This also, coming when it did, was a subject for fresh rejoicing. And so I lay under nine heavy new blankets in luxurious weakness and laughed again at things in general. On the wall by my bed there was a German print of a dog saving a child from a stream; and anon some one played *The Lost Chord* in a room below. I thought of the last fling of our particular cord and went to sleep.

Charles Edwardes.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE SWORD OF HONOR.

When we knew for certain that the Germans were coming we moved the hatching-hens from the henhouse into the house and put them into the wood-cellar. You know the window from that cellar opens under the steps leading up to the big door. Well, it was from that cellar that I overheard the conversation between two of the German officers quartered with us—we had then a colonel, three other officers, a doctor, and more than sixty men on the farm. Not to frighten the hens—which, even as it was, were wild enough, though we had moved them as carefully as we could, taking them in their nests after dark—I did not bring a light into the cellar, but only left the door ajar to the staircase, where the day was still lingering, while I looked in to see if the poor little disturbed mothers were all in their right places for the night. The officers were speaking softly; but when I heard their voices I stole nearer the open window, and from thence I could hear every word they were saying. And when I heard what it was about, you may be sure that I listened with both my ears open, and so I came to know that they were to break up at three in the morning to meet some other troops at the cross-road near Ollerup, and then go on so as to be at Kiddelund just before dawn, that our men quartered there might be taken by surprise.

When I think of it I always wonder how the words I heard did away with my body, and, so to speak, set free my soul or spirit, or whatever it is that I am, from all considerations of it, just as you may sometimes to save your skin abandon your clothes to look after themselves as best they may. It would seem that the body has a separate life of its own, some kind of home rule or self-government by which it is preserved, and even makes itself useful when left to itself. Mine did so that afternoon. It saw the hens into their places, it locked the door and put the key on the proper nail; and then it called my little help, Grethe, and carried me off across the yard to the henhouse with the evening meal for the other hens. And all the time I was thinking of nothing but what I had heard, and of what I could do to save our men.

Now, when my husband left for the army some of the very last words he said to me were: "If you don't know what to do while I am away, speak to Sören." Sören had been on the farm ever since my husband was a child. He was an invalid now, having lost one leg in the war of '48; but he could tell every man's duty, every beast's right, and every thing's place, so that in most cases it was the natural thing for all of us to turn to him for advice. Besides, I thought I was sure of Sören's sympathy in this case, for he had a good healthy hate of the Germans, such as one can only feel when the enemy is in one's country. It was Sören who had said, "I am not bloodthirsty, but I could easily hold Bismarck while he was being skinned," and I knew he did not boast. So I told Grethe to go and find Sören and send him to me.

A child of twenty was not a very strong head for a big place like Kelkjærgaard, and when my husband was to leave for the army my parents thought that it might do as well without me, and that I should do a great deal better at home with them. But Bertel and I agreed that if we expected everyone to stop and do their

duty, we could not very well run away ourselves. "And of course you will like to serve, as well as the rest of us," he had said, and I knew from the way he looked at me when he said it that he was proud of me as well as sorry for me. And those words ran in my head, and, together with my great youth and my inexperience, went a good way to keep up my spirits and my courage when some months later the enemy came and took possession of the whole house, and, making themselves masters on the farm, made us all realize that war is war.

They were as civil to me as I would let them be. I remember being both vexed and hurt by the colonel's indulgence towards me. It seemed to me that he looked upon me as a mere child—which very probably he did. And yet, in a certain way they mortified me the very first day by locking up the steward in his own room, and leaving me to be both master and steward to the whole place as best I might. It was not nearly so trying as you might think it would be, for somehow when the enemy is in the country you shake off from your shoulders the whole load of daily cares. It does not seem to matter the very least that the wrong calves are killed, or that gates and windows are left slamming on their hinges during the whole night. Not even the fact that the young horses are spoiled and made wild by sheer mismanagement makes any great impression upon you, as I know from my own experience. And when I think of how the puppies in a flowerbed or a loose horse on the lawn after a spell of wet weather may make me lose my temper nowadays, I almost feel as if war were a more healthy state for man to live in than is this civilized security. I did not feel it at the time, though.

As I stood waiting for Sören that afternoon the men and horses came home from the field, and as I watched these "men"—who were either boys or white-haired, all the real men being with the army—my heart misgave me. To whom could I trust my message? Sören himself when he came did not give me such sympathy as I had looked for from him. He had the soldier's dislike of "civilians meddling with the war."

"Very well, Sören," I said angrily, "let us pull our blankets over our heads not to hear them start to kill our men."

And then I turned my back upon him, and made believe that I was going back into the house. But Sören stopped me, as I thought he would, and said that he would speak to the boys, and try to get one of them off with a message. "It won't be easy, ma'am, for he will have to wait till they have all gone to roost, and then he will need a horse to take him there in time."

"But you will manage it, Sören?" I said.

"I'll tell you when we have had our supper, ma'am," was all the promise Sören would give me.

However, I returned somewhat comforted to the house, and sat down at the window in my bedroom—the only room in all the house that I might fairly call my own—waiting for a message from Sören. It came, but it was not what I had expected and hoped for. The maid who brought in the lamp said that immediately after supper all the men, including Sören, had been marched off to their rooms, with strict orders not to leave them on any condition whatever.

I said nothing but that I wanted no supper, only a cup of tea, and she went away. I remember that when next I moved my limbs were stiff, and it cost me an effort to loosen my clasped hands, and from this I conclude that I had been sitting perfectly motionless for more than an hour. But I had not

been idle. I am not naturally good, as I know from this, that when taken aback in a sudden strait or emergency my first impulse is not to think of what I ought to do, but rather of what I may do to get safely out of it myself; but I do think that I have a strong true wish to be good, for if I am given some little time for reflection I generally make up my mind to do what is right, and if my thoughts do not get muddled again I don't think I am bad at sticking to it.

As I sat there I gradually made up my mind—rightly or wrongly I cannot even now tell—that it was my duty to risk what I had to risk to save our men. I swallowed the tea the servant had brought me, and then I got up, and, crossing the hall, I went into the drawing-room that had been given up to the officers. The room was full of smoke, and they were playing cards when I entered; but as I crossed the room to where they sat they all rose and put down their cigars.

"Colonel," I said, "I find you have locked up all my men."

"Only for the night, madam," he said, "and I am very sorry."

"It makes no difference to me whether you are sorry or not," I said, haughtily. "I am not here to seek for sympathy. I come to ask how far you mean to go."

He said that he did not quite understand my question.

"Am I and my maids prisoners too?" I asked.

"No, madam, certainly not; we are not waging war on ladies," he said, and smiled in the way that always vexed me so.

"But on invalids," I said, scornfully, child as I was. He looked inquiringly at me. "I am thinking of my old servant with the wooden leg," I went on.

"Oh, if he can be of any use to you, madam, he shall be let out immediately. Only you must promise that he shall not leave the place to-night."

"I can promise you that," I said; and then I went on as if I were a queen speaking to one of her subjects: "Then will you see that orders are given to that end?"

Again I was vexed to see the amused expression on all their faces, being too great a fool to think of what a terrible come-down I should have had if they had taken me seriously. One of the young officers was dispatched with the Colonel's orders, and I stalked out of the room, the Colonel himself holding the door open for me.

A little later Sören came to the kitchen door, where cook and I stood waiting for him, each with a lantern, and while we went on what was believed to be a round of inspection to all the different sheds and houses I told him what I had decided to do. He did not approve of it, and I had to use all my authority to make him consent to help me in carrying out my plan. But I must say this of him, that when once he had given in he helped me with a real good will. One of my greatest difficulties was how to get Malle, my riding-horse, out of the stable and on to the road. Taking her out the ordinary way was out of the question, as the door was sure to be watched, and we would have to cross part of the yard. The only possible way would be through the coachman's kitchen, which opened both into the stable and into the kitchen-garden; but then there were steps leading up to the kitchen from both sides, and Malle knew no more of this way out of the stable than she knew of the way into our drawing-room. However, as it was the only way we had to try it. So we made all our preparations; lifting the inner door from its hinges, and pushing the other one as far back as possible, we moved everything in the kitchen out of Malle's way, and at

last we pulled two pairs of Sören's very thickest stockings over her hoofs. And all the while we moved about apparently quite unconcerned, talking in our natural voices, so as to make them think that we were only setting things right for the night.

When we had done cook and I went back to the house and made believe that we were fastening all the windows in the kitchen, while we were opening the one looking into the garden. Cook wept bitterly when I said Good-night to her, and it made me scold her, for I was somewhat nervous and frightened myself.

It took me some time to get properly dressed in one of my husband's suits, but at last I was ready, and before I put out the light I had a peep at myself in the mirror. Terrified as I certainly was at that time, I still felt a pang of disappointment at my own aspect. There certainly was nothing very chivalrous or imposing in my appearance as I stood there in clothes "made to grow in," with a pair of worsted stockings over my boots and up above my knees, and a soft felt hat pulled down over my ears.

I then put out my light, and the time that followed while I waited to see the lights disappear from all the windows in the house was the only time I seriously contemplated giving up my foolhardy enterprise. All my patriotic zeal died right away, and if my many big words to Sören had not stood on my side cowardice would have got the better of me. Ever since then I have had some trust in big words for keeping a middling-good man up to his mark.

It was close upon midnight before all was dark and quiet. Shaking so that I could hardly stand on my legs, I crept out of my bedroom, along the passage, down the stairs, and into the kitchen. I got out through the window that opens just above the ground. There was still some bit of a moon, so that it was not quite dark as I walked through the shrubbery, out into the lane, into which the kitchen-garden opens, and where I was to meet Sören with Malle. They were there, and so excited was I that not for one moment did I wonder at it. Many and many a time since then have Sören and I discussed this night, and neither of us can tell how we managed as we did. Sören once told me that he did say his prayers, and just when he said "Amen," Malle got down the last step, but he would never allow that to account for it; he said that he had been taught by the clergyman who confirmed him that it was heresy to believe in miracles happening nowadays. I don't think so; I think most men are mean in this, that they will call out for help when they are in a stress, and then refuse to acknowledge that they got it when they are safely through with their difficulties. They are all—or most of them, at least—like the sailor who, falling from the top of the mast, called upon God to help him, and, being safely landed on the deck, only said, "Oh, all right, I can very well help myself." Sören was like him. He would have it that it was all his own skill that took Malle safely through the kitchen that night. My husband said it was luck! I know that whenever they are put on the test their deeds disown their words, but at those moments I never have the heart to catch them.

Sören wanted to see me safely through the wood on to the road, but I would not let him do it, for I had promised that he should not leave the place, and I considered the garden fence its border. So he helped me on to Malle's back, and we started with heavy hearts but without many words. The time when I used to ride the unsaddled horses home from the meadows being not so very far back, I could

still feel at home sitting on a horse like a boy, and, being born and bred in the country, I could stick to a narrow road running through a dark wood by keeping my eyes on the top of the trees as they stand out against the sky—which is the only way to do it. Malle, too, did her part without any mistake, though I am sure she felt uncomfortable in her stockings, and so we managed between us to get noiselessly and unnoticed on to the high road.

By the time we had reached it the moon had disapeared, and it was raining. My hands and my feet were like so many lumps of ice, and I remember being suddenly aware that I was moaning in time to Malle's movements: "Oh-I-can-not-do-it, Oh-I-can-not-do-it," and stopping myself with a very stern "Nonsense."

I have never been able to find out the exact place where we had our fall, but I should say that we had been on our way for almost an hour when Malle went down heels over head, her feet having got entangled, I suppose, in the remnants of the worn-out stockings; at all events, we could not have been far from the cross-road where you leave the high road for Kiddelund. I was at first perfectly stunned by the fall, and some time went by before I thought of pulling myself together and moving from the spot where I had fallen. And when at last I got up, the pain in my right ankle was so agonizing that I sat down again on the edge of the road, with my feet in the ditch and my head in my hands, unconscious of everything but the terrible pain. And not till Malle actually poked her soft hot muzzle into my ear did I recollect where I was, and that all my trouble would be lost if I remained there. I got up with the greatest difficulty, and, getting hold of Malle's mane, I crept along two or three steps till we hit upon one of the gravel piles on the roadside, and, after having rested a little, I managed from that to scramble on to Malle's back. When she took her very first step I realized that she was as lame as I was myself.

And then it was that I gave myself up to despair. I remained where I was, because I did not know what else to do; but I closed my eyes, and all I could think of, while Malle, who had more energy and perseverance than her mistress, manfully strode on, on her poor injured legs, was how to keep my head from tumbling off my shoulders. So dead tired and dejected were we that neither of us was the least startled by a sudden, "Wer da? Halt!" called out to us from the darkness, straight in front of us. Nor did we think of stopping till we were actually stopped by two men on horseback barring the way. They said something to me that I could not take in, and so I made no answer. Then they struck a light in my face, and after that they had another consultation, and I think they laughed. After that they tied my hands in front of me, and, pulling Malle's reins over her head, one of them turned his horse and led us on, I never thought where. For not till we stopped in front of a door from which the light was pouring out upon us did I realize that we had been going in the wrong direction, and that, being left to arrange matters all by herself, that faithful old Malle had carried me back to my own door.

At this discovery I felt absolutely no disappointment, for by this time it was I who was stunned, and my poor overwrought body that had the upper hand. Lanterns were brought and the officers came out. They spoke to me and they spoke to one another, but what did I care? Not even when I understood that the Colonel was ordering me to dismount did I move, for I could not, no, not if they had pointed all their pistols at me. And when they

lifted me out of the saddle and on to the ground, I simply collapsed and sat down in the dirt in the midst of them. They picked me up and carried me into the house, and I remember only feeling anxious about the covering of the armchair in which they placed me, which proves how much stronger was the woman than the hero in me.

Someone, I suppose it must have been the doctor, pushed back my hair —when we fell my hat had been lost and my hair had tumbled down—and washed my face and my hands in hot water. Then they gave me some brandy to drink, and, standing over me, they gave me some moments to recover before they spoke to me again.

And for all this kindness—if kindness it were—they had only a poor reward; for not only did they restore me to my senses, but they left me time enough to think it all over, and to make up my mind that I would have yet one other try to save our men. So when they began questioning me again I told them how, having found out what their plans were, I had made up my mind to warn our men, and, having no one to send, I had gone myself, hoping that I might get back unnoticed, which was all perfectly true. And now I come to what to me has always proved that God was on my side in this affair, for just when they were beginning to put awkward questions to me about our men, whom I had spoken to? where I had met with them? my head began to swim again and I fainted right away. And I think that God wished to save me from lying.

When I recovered my consciousness I was in bed in my own room, and the German doctor was standing over me nursing my poor bruised ankle. He did not speak till he had done, but then he sat down beside my bed, and, looking very kind and friendly—to me he seemed a very old man, though he was probably on the right side of fifty —he said: "Now, little madam, do you think you could answer just a few questions?" The way he said it made me feel like a poor little tired child, extremely sorry for myself; and, hiding my face in my hands, I began to weep so bitterly, that, fearing I suppose to set me off into hysterics, he refrained from any further interrogation and left me to the care of my own servants.

Nor did he trouble me when he came to see me the following day; and when, on the third day, he came to see me for the last time, just before they were going off for good, it was I who began:

"Doctor," I said, "will you tell me whether you caught our men at Kiddelund?"

"Why," he said, "you don't think we went straight into the trap you set us?"

I said nothing and lay perfectly quiet; but there must have been that in my face which roused his suspicion, for suddenly his eyes seemed to light up with fun and delight, and he said: "You do not mean to say that you had not been there at all?"

"I never said I had, doctor," I said. But having assured me that our men were safely out of reach, he little by little drew the whole truth from me. He enjoyed it thoroughly like a real good joke, and said as we parted that he would vote that I should be hanged as soon as I were well enough to bear it.

From the Colonel I had a civil but very serious written message, warning me against ever repeating my attempt to serve our army in a like manner, as such attempts on the part of the population would certainly lead to very deplorable retaliations on the part of the enemy.

But when, two or three days later, I came into my drawing-room, I found

on my table a small sword or dagger with a very fine silver hilt. It was run through a letter in which the officers begged my permission to present me with this sword of honor. A hot wave of shame and humiliation shot through my whole being. I burned the letter and put away the sword, and when I was strong enough I went and buried it in the wood.

Not till years after did I tell even Bertel of it, and I have never shown him or any living being the place where it lies.

I sometimes think I took it childishly and wrongly, knowing as I did that they meant kindly. But oh! when will men learn that they have not got it in their power to confer kindness on the people they are wronging?

Mary Westenholz.

The Cornhill Magazine.

FOSSIL PLANTS AND EVOLUTION.

"It is the organization of knowledge rather than its increase that is wanted just now."[1] We should do well to keep in mind this statement which Huxley made in 1865; the enormous growth of scientific literature and the increase of specialization during the last few decades render it more and more difficult to take stock of our facts and consider them in their bearing on general questions. "What avails it us to have bellies full of meat, if it be not digested?"

Under the heading, "What about Natural Selection?" a writer in the July number of the *Contemporary Review*[2] calls attention to the evidence of palæontology in regard to Natural Selection. The author endeavors to summarize recent contributions to our knowledge of past life, justly charging evolutionists with paying too little attention to the records of the rocks; but he implies that their attitude may be explained by the unwelcome nature of the facts which have been interpreted from the fragmentary documents in the earth's crust. We will confine ourselves to the evidence of palæobotany, which, we are told, furnishes "just next to no evidence at all of the work of Natural Selection in evolving new species of plants." Were it not that Mr. Johnston, in speaking of the Geological Record, maintains that "as a rule it is a very fair record to argue from," it would seem superfluous to draw attention to the truth of Darwin's arguments in his famous chapter on the Imperfection of the Geological Record. Each year fills up a few of the gaps in the life-records of bygone days; but the assumption that we are, or ever shall be, in possession of a very fair record, is an astounding statement from one who has devoted "a good many years to a careful survey of the whole available evidence."

It is but rarely that the earth's crust affords any relics of old land-surfaces; the terrestrial vegetation of former days has left only a few waifs and strays carried by water or wind into seas and lakes to be entombed in water-borne sediments, some of which have been upheaved and denuded in the ceaseless building of continents. As the result of a concomitance of conditions, which seems to have occurred but once in the history of the earth, we have an unusual wealth of material preserved in wonderful perfec-

[1] Life and Letters of T. H. Huxley, I., p. 267.

[2] The Living Age, Aug. 9.

tion in the deposits which marked the closing scenes of the Palæozoic period. In the petrified fragments from the vast forests of the Coal Age we are able not only to examine the most delicate tissues, and to venture on deductions as to histological characters, but, in not a few cases, to utilize anatomical facts as indices of physiological phenomena. It is possible not only to reconstruct from scattered twigs, leaves and cones a complete plant, but to see reflected in its tissues something at least of the physical environment in which it lived. It is not too much to say that the microscopical study of Palæozoic plants has of late years supplied more striking confirmation of evolutionary views than any other department of Botany.

In a single article it would be impossible to do justice to the importance of the lessons of modern research, even if we confined ourselves to the Palæozoic era; we will, however, try to indicate a few of the more striking conclusions to which palæobotanists have been led.

In referring to the earliest records of plant-life, Mr. Johnston writes: "Mr. Seward . . . tells us quite frankly, the earliest known plants are not at all what the evolutionist would expect." It would appear that at this point the "repulsively learned" character of the book rendered further reading unbearable. The actual passage is as follows: "The operation of metamorphism is therefore another serious difficulty in the way of recognizing the oldest rocks. The earliest animals and plants which have been discovered are not such as we should expect to find as examples of the first products of organic life. Below the oldest known fossiliferous rocks, there must have been thousands of feet of sedimentary material, which has either been altered beyond recognition, or from some cause or other does not form part of our present geological record." [2]

It has long been recognized that as we ascend the geological series one of the most obvious and striking conclusions to be drawn from the study of fossil plants is that the vegetation of the earliest periods, of which decipherable records are available, was characterized by a preponderance of Vascular Cryptogams; Ferns and fern-like plants, Lycopods, gigantic Horse-tails and similar types played the leading *rôle*. During the Triassic period, and up to the beginning of the Cretaceous system, Gymnosperms were in the ascendant; while in the later stages of the Mesozoic period the Angiosperms, popularly known as Flowering plants, became the dominant class—a position which they still maintain. This series alone affords support to Darwin's views. The transition from each of these three periods to the next appears to have been comparatively sudden—but to this we shall refer later.

Darwin attached great importance to altered associations as a factor in the origin of species. "Most efficient of all," wrote Lester Ward, "is the ever-changing influence of the contemporary life with which a type must come into competition." The evolution of the Angiosperms constituted a striking advance, and, once accomplished, it seriously affected the equilibrium of plant-life; the appearance of the new type no doubt marked the beginning of a phase of rapid change, and it is small wonder that the records of this scene in the "ever-changing drama" impress us with the force of the evolutionary wave. The ascendancy of the Dicotyledons receives further emphasis in the apparently sudden decrease in the Gymnosperms and lower plants; a shifting of supremacy in the plant-kingdom which was no doubt due to the rapid spread

[2] Seward, "Fossil Plants," I., p. 30.

and far-reaching effects of this latest product of organic evolution. It is true that we cannot as yet point to any connecting link between the Angiosperms and less highly organized plants. In the production of the angiospermous type, Nature made an important advance in the closer adaptations of the structural requirements of the plant to life on a land-area than in any previously evolved group; as shown in the greater specialization of the water-carrying tissues,[4] as well as in the perfecting of the seed. Here and there we obtain glimpses among the older plants of attempts towards the evolution of the seed as an organ adapted for its functions of nursing and protecting the embryo, but we have still to find an extinct type which shall show us the path by which this end was achieved. One instance among plants lower in the scale than Angiosperms, in which we find an approach towards the Flowering plant ovary, is supplied by the extinct family of Bennettitaceæ. This family had a wide geographical distribution during the greater part of the Secondary era; their stems and leaves, in such species in which both these organs are known, were almost identical with those of modern Cycads; but in the anatomy of the *Bennettites* stem there are a few distinguishing features, and in the reproductive organs we recognize an obvious departure from the plan of the corresponding structures in living Cycads. Our modern Sago-Palms (Cycadaceæ), represented by a few tropical genera of restricted range, are undoubtedly remnants of one of those Mesozoic classes which fell back before the advance of the Angiosperms. In the Mesozoic vegetation there were numerous members of the Bennettitaceæ of which no trace exists at the present day; their female reproductive organs were of a much more complex and apparently higher type than those of true Cycads. The *Bennettites* female flower consisted of numerous pedicels borne on the swollen apex of a lateral shoot: each pedicel terminated in an ovule, and in close association with the slender seminiferous stalks there were sterile scales, expanded distally into a fleshy envelope which overtopped and enveloped the seeds, thus affording a protective covering comparable with an encasing ovary,—the organ which constitutes one of the most striking distinguishing features between the Angiosperms and Gymnosperms. The male flower, as we have learnt from recent investigations of silicified American stems at the hands of Mr. Wieland, of Newhaven, consisted of a cluster of fertile leaves bearing groups of sporangia similar to those of certain tropical ferns, members of the dwindled family Marattiaceæ. Here we have an extinct class of plants combining fern-like and cycadean features and, as regards the female organ, exhibiting, as it were, an attempt towards the more perfect angiospermous plan. The fossil remains of the Bennettitaceæ, and a host of other families unrepresented in recent floras, testify to the existence of many lines of evolution which have left no direct descendants among modern plants. As Darwin said, "A multitude of smaller groups will become utterly extinct, and leave no modified descendants."

It is unfortunate that the relics of the vegetation of the period immediately preceding that in which the first traces of Angiosperms occur are seldom preserved in such a manner as to render possible more than a superficial examination of external form. It is in the reproductive organs and the anatomical characters that we must look for trustworthy data to guide us in constructing genealogies,

[4] Prof. Bayley Balfour's Presidential address to Section K, British Association, 1901.

and until petrified specimens are discovered, we cannot expect much more light on the phylogeny of our highest Flowering plants. We may look forward with confidence to the future for evidence which will aid us in bridging over the gap between the flowering plants and less specialized types.

Mr. Johnston writes: "Natural Selection in recent years has, by more careful study, tended rather to eliminate supposed 'links' than to furnish missing ones." Let us examine some of the more recent researches with this statement before us. The recognition of Saporta's *Eopteris* as a mineral incrustation does not affect the question of the evolution of ferns; I am not aware that anyone ever regarded this supposed fossil as a missing link, and it is difficult to guess why it is mentioned in connection with transitional forms. In Devonian and Carboniferous strata we meet with abundant remains of fern-like plants, and in many cases the preservation is sufficiently good to afford valuable information as to reproductive and anatomical characters. It has been conclusively proved by several writers that many of these plants cannot be included in any of the existing divisions of ferns; while the leaves are essentially fern-like, the stems are practically identical with those of Cycads, one of the divisions of the great Gymnosperm class. Such genera as *Lyginodendron*, *Heterangium* and several others have been placed in an intermediate division—the Cycadofilices—a name which fitly expresses their dual nature. There can be no reasonable doubt that this vigorous set of Palæozoic plants points to a common ancestry for Ferns and Cycads.

The ferns of the Palæozoic forests afford many instructive examples of synthetic types and of the blending of characters that are now found in divergent families. One of the oldest fern families of which we possess a fairly extensive knowledge is that known as the Botryopterideæ; here we find anatomical features recalling those met with in some of our modern filmy ferns, combined with sporangial characters suggesting a comparison with three other families. From French Palæozoic rocks Professor Zeiller has recently described several forms intermediate in certain characters between well-defined existing types; in short, it would be hard to find a more remarkable illustration of the gradual separation of characters along independent lines than is afforded by a comparison of Palæozoic and modern ferns. We can trace back the family characters of existing ferns into a confused plexus of affinities, in a manner comparable to the converging of railway lines into the inextricable confusion of a Clapham Junction. The dominant family of recent ferns —the Polypodiaceæ—occupied a very subordinate position in the older periods, and probably represents a comparatively recent product of evolution; on the other hand a few surviving genera of tropical ferns—*Marattia*, *Angiopteris* and the other members of the Marattiaceæ represent slender twigs of a branch which can be traced back into vigorous ramifications in the Palæozoic era.

Let us turn to another class, the Gymnosperms, and see how far their past history supplies us with fingerposts pointing towards lines of descent. The Gymnosperms are at present represented by the Conifers (Pines, Araucarias, etc.), Cycads (Sago-Palms), the Gnetales (a class of which three isolated survivors remain) and the Maiden-hair tree, a solitary remnant in the Far East of a fourth class of Gymnosperms which reached its zenith in the Mesozoic period. An extinct genus, *Cordaites*, which must have been a conspicuous member of the Permo-Carboniferous forests, may be

taken as a representative of a fifth subdivision of the Gymnosperms. The Cycads and Conifers form two well-defined groups, with clearly-marked distinguishing features; but in the extinct *Cordaites* we find certain anatomical features which are essentially those of modern Conifers blended with others characteristic of Cycads, while the male flowers form a link between *Cordaites* and the Maiden-hair tree (*Ginkgo*), and show signs of affinity with lower types. Moreover other Palæozoic genera, such as *Poroxylon*, *Protopitys*, *Calamopitys* and others furnish connecting links between the Cycadofilices on the one hand and the Cycads and Conifers on the other.

Mr. Johnston, it is true, refers to these intermediate forms; he says, "Dr. Scott, of Kew, by diligent use of his microscope, thinks he is increasingly able to demonstrate for us intermediate or linking forms between Ferns, Cycads, Araucarias, and the like." It is a pity that the writer of this sentence did not make himself more closely acquainted with the work of palæobotanists, both on the Continent and in England, whose work—conspicuously that of Dr. Scott—has firmly established the existence of so many intermediate forms among the vegetation of the past.

Perhaps one of the most striking instances of a composite type of organization furnished by the petrified fragments of Palæozoic floras is Scott's genus *Cheirostrobus*. A few years ago a fairly large silicified cone was found in the lower Carboniferous rocks of Scotland, in which are clearly combined characters now shared by the Horse-tails and Lycopods; it justifies the statement that these two groups, which to-day show no signs of close relationship, were in all probability the descendants of one common ancestral stock. Another genus, which we also owe to Dr. Scott's diligent use of his microscope, and, we may add, to his skill in interpreting what the microscope reveals, gives us some insight into the means employed by Nature in endeavoring to increase the efficiency of reproductive organs: I refer to *Lepidocarpon*. This genus was founded on a cone having the general appearance of a *Lepidostrobus*—the name given to cones of *Lepidodendron*—but instead of bearing naked spore-cases, like those of past and present lycopods, this more specialized type was characterized by the possession of a protective envelope surrounding the sporangia, which were thus raised to the rank of seeds. Here is direct evidence of a link between spore-producing and seed-bearing plants; we see at least a possible means by which seeds may have been evolved, although we are not justified in assuming that it was along these lines that the high degree of specialization of seeds was eventually reached. Interesting results have recently been recorded by Professor F. W. Oliver, which help us to realize other stages in the gradual evolution of seeds from sporangia, and there is good reason to hope that researches with which he is at present occupied will throw further light on the *modus operandi* of Natural Selection in the evolution of modern seeds.

It has been pointed out that we have trustworthy grounds for believing in a common ancestry for Cycads and Ferns and for the descent of other Gymnosperm types from a fern-like stock. It is difficult to give even the most important evidence in support of this statement without dealing at length with technical details; but it must be remembered that we cannot attempt authoritatively to discuss the transition from one type to another without careful examination of minute differences, both in vegetative and reproductive structures. In a suggestive paper on "The Old Wood and the

New," Scott points out that we can arrange a series of forms, chosen from Palæozoic species, illustrating how by slow degrees the primary conducting strands in the stems of various extinct types, such as exist in their typical form in the genus *Lyginodendron*, have gradually disappeared; they were rendered practically useless as water-channels when the plants acquired the power of forming a broad cylinder of secondary conducting tissue. In one case, *Megaloxylon*, another member of the Cycadofilices, we find an intermediate stage in which the older primary wood, instead of ceasing to exist, adapted itself to a new *rôle* by increasing the breadth and reducing the length of its elements, thus enabling them to act as storage-reservoirs, since in their primary function as conducting tubes they had been superseded by the more recently acquired or newer type of woody tissue. It would occupy too much space to pursue these questions further; my aim is to emphasize the need for minute comparative investigations of extinct and recent plants, in order to demonstrate how the fossil forms supply connecting links, enabling us to understand the manner in which structural features have been gradually modified and how by slow and almost imperceptible stages the modern style of stem-architecture has been reached.

One reflection that is forced upon us by a retrospective survey of the vegetation of successive ages is the frequent extinction of types which held for a time a prominent place and then disappeared without leaving any direct descendants. In the forests of the Coal period there was a plant, *Sphenophyllum*, which in external form, and probably in habit, bore a strong resemblance to the Goose-grass of our hedgerows. This genus was a member of the dominant group of those days and one which must be placed in a special division of the Vascular Cryptogams; it has recently been pointed out that there are certain points of contact between *Sphenophyllum* and the isolated Southern genus *Tmesipteris*, one of the more aberrant forms among surviving Lycopods. In the genus *Cheirostrobus*, previously referred to, Scott has clearly demonstrated a common meeting-ground for features shared between *Sphenophyllum*, Lycopods and Equisetums. Numerous other instances of plant-types, both from Palæozoic and Mesozoic rocks, might be mentioned which teach us some of the secrets of Nature's method of working, and in their combination of characters shed a welcome light on the obscure relationship of modern groups.

Another impression which we derive from a comprehensive glance through the records of the rocks is that there have been periods during which the progress of plant-life was marked by a slow and hardly perceptible advance, while on the other hand there were phases of evolution in which the developmental forces were accelerated. Making due allowance for the nature of the records, we are tempted to believe that the advent of the Mesozoic era was characterized by comparatively rapid changes in the facies of the vegetation; there was an alteration in the balance of power in the vegetable kingdom, similar to that which occurred at a later stage when Angiosperms began their victorious march.

There are good reasons for the view that new types of plant-life originated on a vast southern Continent of which fragments are left in Australia, India, South Africa and South America. It is now generally admitted that we have ample evidence pointing to a lowering of temperature in southern latitudes at the close of the Carboniferous period, a change in physical conditions well calculated to give an im-

petus to organic evolution, and one likely to play an important share in the production of new types, which gradually migrated to the north. Another factor, which rapidly made itself felt, we may recognize in the appearance of the Cycads and allied forms which held almost universal sway in the Mesozoic era. It may not be unreasonable to suggest a parallel between the advance of Cycads and the spread of Angiosperms as two of the prime causes for the relatively sudden alteration in the facies of plant-life at two distinct stages in the world's history. There must have been irregularities in the rate of change from type to type, and it is in entire accord with Darwin's view that during periods of great physical change and altered conditions there should be a rapid spread of new forms of life. If we endeavor to keep before us the far-reaching influence of new and vigorous competitors in the struggle for life, the stimulus given to development by physical changes, and above all the necessarily imperfect records of the rocks, we have no reason to regard the apparent revolutions in the plant-world to which I have specially alluded, as in any sense an adverse fact for evolutionists to explain.

In the course of his indictment against Natural Selection, Mr. Johnston quotes Professor Huxley as one who "always held serious doubts" as to the supreme efficiency of Natural Selection, and he lays stress on Huxley's saying that "the primary and direct evidence in favor of Evolution can be furnished only by Palæontology." An extract from a letter from Huxley to Darwin, written in 1880, affords a fair commentary on these two quotations: "I hope," he wrote, "you do not imagine because I had nothing to say about 'Natural Selection' that I am at all weak of faith on that article. On the contrary, I live in hope that as palæontologists work more and more in the manner of that 'second Daniel come to judgment,' that wise young man, M. Filhol, we shall arrive at a crushing accumulation of evidence in that direction also."[8] "The real truth is," writes Mr. Johnston, "the proved influence of Natural Selection is being written down as less and less every day." As Hazlitt said, "A sweeping unqualified assertion ends all controversy, and sets opinion at rest"; it is possible that the daring dogmatism of the above statement may carry conviction to those who are not in a position to inquire into the question for themselves.

Before venturing to attack Darwin's theory, a theory which has stood the test of time, one would naturally expect an author not merely to make himself acquainted with articles in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, but to take the trouble to read original contributions to palæontological science, or at least modern text-books. But a careful study of the article, "What about Natural Selection?" or at least such parts of it as refer to the botanical evidence, leads me to unhesitatingly assert that the author's *obiter dicta* on these matters cannot be allowed the weight of convictions founded on an intimate acquaintance with the available data. Such statements as "Cycads must have evolved from the ferns through that new fossil group, the Cycadofilices, of which traces are abundant, but none so early as the Carboniferous limestone" do not inspire us with confidence. The choice of Fontaine's "generalized" dicotyledonous leaves, as one of the best examples of fossil-plant evidence affording any insight into the origin of species, points to a want of judgment in weighing evidence. The reference to the occurrence of "simple yet fully differentiated Club Mosses (*Sigillaria*)

[8] "Huxley's Life," II., p. 13.

and Calamites" in Lower Silurian rocks by the banks of the Ohio, confirms our opinion of the writer's rashness in attempting to lay under contribution the vegetation of the past as a hostile witness to Natural Selection.

Recent research among the tattered sheets in the herbaria of the rocks has given striking confirmation to Darwin's statement "that the extinct forms of life help to fill up the intervals between existing genera, families, and orders." We may fairly demand more substantial arguments before dismissing Natural Selection as an effete and discredited factor in the evolution of life.

A. C. Seward.

The Contemporary Review.

THE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

The children at a kindergarten in India were being asked the names of their favorite Kings and Queens. Akbar, William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-hearted, were the answers of the mass. *"King Edward the Seventh,"* said one small voice, with a flourish. "What can you know about King Edward?" asked his teacher, to try him. The child drew himself up to the full height of his four years. "He is *my* King!" was his answer, and surely a conclusive one. The child who described Henry VIII. as a "professional widower" was an English production. Then there was "Jack," writing to his aunt in England his six-year-old impressions of India,—"Here we have a larger moon, and we keep it better polished!" And N——, who upon being told he was getting quite old (he had had two birthdays), replied: "Indeed I am not; I am *almost new!*" When still "almost new" N—— was found one day sitting solemnly on a chair, kicking his legs up and down. "What is it *in me* that wants to go for a walk?" he asked. "Not my legs, for I could move them here." Ethel and Marjory went with their mother to the Stores, to buy golf-clubs for their father, who was sweltering in the Indian plains. "Ethel," said Marjory, "are these for our Father which art in heaven, or our father which art in India?" "Hush, Marjory!" was the answer. "Don't you know that our Father which art in heaven only plays *Sunday* games!" [I cannot help inserting here the remark of one of my acquaintances to whom I take all my stories, because her absence of any sense of humor prompts her to inimitable comment. "Ah!" she said on being told the above, "I suppose, then, *the mother was married twice!*"] Granville said his prayers at bed-time, but refused to do so in the morning. "A fellow must be a fool if he can't take care of himself in the day!" "Make *Tom* a good boy," said another five-year-old; adding, "Do you hear that, Tom?" And—"Wait, Lord, while I kick Tom!" was another of his interjections. Elsie's sayings were numerous. "I wish I could bathe *in chapters*," was one extracted on a shivering winter's night. When she was about eight she hated being called of a morning, and thought of a way out of the necessity. "Trespissurs on my dreams shall be prosekuted!" was the announcement in her largest writing found pinned on to her coverlet. The spelling was what Elsie herself would have called *"pathetic!"* "Some one once told me I spelt on the *pathetic* system," she confided to me! It was

very *pathetic* sometimes, as when she wrote of her sweet little *"ginny-pigs!"* "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," was in the Sunday hymn. "Do you know Whom that means, dear?" asked the mother. "Let me see; now, would it be *hearts* or *clubs?*"

Sometimes the comment on younger brothers and sisters is delicious. "Why does not baby speak?" puzzled one small girl. Later, dissatisfied with her mother's answer, she produced her own. "I know: the things that baby saw in God's house before she came to live with us were so wonderful that she cannot speak about them. She's got to be quiet—till she's forgotten!" "Baby's broken a hole in the sky and come through," was the explanation of another, aged three. Jack, rather older (aged eight), was a student of "ruling passions." "Oh! mother's been getting bargains again!" he said in all good faith upon being shown his twin baby sisters.

Enid and Edith were at a loss for a game. "Let's play at being *at home*," said Enid. "We'll have a day."—"But what does that mean?" begged Edith. "What is a *day?*"—"Oh! don't be stupid," said Enid. "All *fashionable* people have 'days.' God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday!" "Is the gentleman *in the sailor-hat* an Apostle?" was the comment of another child on the saint in a church window.

From a Bishop who had been preaching *in his mitre* I have my next story. It is the conversation of two small children, who sat just below the pulpit. The poor Bishop could not help overhearing their little whisperings. "He's a King!" said one.—"He *isn't!*" was the contemptuous reply; "this is Church."—"*He is!*"—"No! he isn't!"—"Well, then, *he's a clown!*" "I don't like *Christian soldiers*, I like *barrat* soldiers better," said Geoffrey, whose hero was Lord Roberts. His small brother's rendering of his nightly hymn was original:—

> May thine Angels spread,
> Their *white tails* above me,
> Over Ruby's bed!

A learned friend of mine sends me, as *marginalia* to the story, a photograph of the ancient "death-angel" from the Lycian Harpy tomb. The tails are beautifully marked; and I am sure Ruby was an archæologist in some previous existence. "God would not send a Flood now," said Frances comfortably, after hearing the Noah story. "And why?" asked her mother. "Oh! He knows that every one can *swim* now; it would not be any good!" "Please let's *re-range* about Christmas presents," said Rosamond to me last December.—"But don't you want a surprise?" I asked.—"Oh no!" she replied, "I've tried surprises, and they're only *disappoints!*" (Seven seems too early to grow *blasé*, even in this century.) Joan is just nine years old. "What is she like?" she asked of her mother about an expected guest. "But really, Joan, I can't tell what you want to know."—"Well! what does she look like? Is she old or young? What does she think about?" Her mother attempted a description. "I know," said Joan, summing her up, quite satisfied; *"black net and sequins!"* Another "summary" one retails with tears at one's heart, for it is many years now since Ralph, aged seven, was called to enter the mists of death. It was his last Easter, and he begged hard to be allowed to go to church as usual. He was taken home after the Passover lesson. "And you could not understand that, my boy; you might have come out before," said his mother. "Oh, no!" said Ralph, "I loved it; it was a beautiful story: the blood, and the Lamb—and, *they were all safe!*"

Cornelia Sorabji.

DREAMS.

Mr. Legge, in an essay on dreams, in the Academy[1] cites Alfred Maury's remarkable dream "that he was about to be guillotined, and woke up to find that a lath from the head of the bed had fallen and was pressing upon his neck." Maury's dream was much more curious than one might guess from this compressed version. His mother was in the room, watching him as he slept; what she saw was a lath, or something of that kind, fall and touch Maury's neck, when he *instantly* awoke. But his dream had comprised a whole chapter from the Reign of Terror. He dreamed that he was suspected, arraigned before the Revolutionary tribunal, tried, condemned, and taken to execution, the whole affair occupying, at least, many hours. But, as Maury saw, what happened was this: he felt, in sleep, the touch on his neck. His sleeping self asked itself, "What is this?" and replied by the long and (he says) coherent dream-myth, containing vivid experiences occupying, if not days, at least a great portion of a day. And through all these emotions Maury passed in the fraction of a second between the touch on his neck and his complete return to waking consciousness. The interest of this dream, and others, lies in the dramatic power of the sleeping self, which actually constructs, stages, and acts out a long story explanatory of a real sensation, literally "in the twinkling of an eye." Manifestly the dream self is a dramatist of force far beyond the power of the waking self. Shakespeare could not have constructed that plot, in the given time, when awake. In short, the dreaming self, like the soul in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem,

> Did not know the bond of Time
> Nor feel the manacles of Space,

a fact which *donne à penser* as to the nature of space and time, "mere hallucinations," as the late Lord Bute once remarked to myself. The inferences may lead us far away beyond the ordinary philosophy of dreaming. Many people are curious on this matter, but few or none seem to read Karl du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism*, of which there is an excellent English translation. M. du Prel enlarged freely on this matter of "dream as dramatist," and on "real and ideal time." Parts of his commentary, and some of his facts, are "tough," but his book is most interesting. Naturally we must remember that we all, unconsciously, "edit" our dreams, and are apt to fill up and omit— "eik and pare," as the old Scots phrase runs.

Occasionally there are witnesses to some of the facts, like Madame Maury. Thus, a young lady of my friends lately danced most of the night at a ball, and next day went on a short railway journey. She was reading *Lavengro* in the train; she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was boating on a lake well known to her. She saw her sister drowning in the lake, tied a rope to the rowlock, and threw the loose end to her sister. On this she awoke, and found that, when she thought she was throwing a rope to a drowning sister, she had really flung *Lavengro* (a pretty heavy volume) at the head of a lady sitting opposite her —a perfect stranger! Explanations to a railway-carriageful of people followed.

Mr. Legge quotes M. Lorain to the effect that clever people who use their brains a good deal dream cleverer

[1] The Living Age, October 11, 1902.

dreams than "children, women, and handicraftsmen," so he "rather ungallantly puts it." I wonder if this is true? Are the clever people not more adroit in "editing" their dreams after they waken? It would not be easy to collect statistics. To myself it seems that I only remember the dreams which occur in the moment of waking, when a fair amount of the waking self must be interfering with the vision. This morning I dreamed something about the Origin of Exogamy! It seemed very satisfactory, at the moment, and the origin of Exogamy appeared as an amiable result of the purest emotions of our nature. But that idea can hardly bear the light of waking reflection.

Mr. Legge appears, if I understand him, to suppose that our dreams are always a kaleidoscopic combination of actual experiences. "It is said that no woman ever dreams of entertaining persons utterly unknown to her." On this point ladies may speak for themselves; but surely we do dream of places and faces which no effort of memory, at least, can bring back to us as parts of waking experience in the past. But they may be, in the future! Thus A tells me (and, like Mr. Tracey Romford, he "would not lie if it were ever so") that he dreamed of a particular part of the exterior of an Elizabethan house, built of brick, and that he there found some entomological specimens of considerable rarity. Years afterwards, on going to a new home, a house which he certainly had never seen before, he recognized the corner of the building observed in his dream, but he never yet has found there the entomological specimens. B in the same way, dreamed of seeing, in a corry of the hills near Loch Leven (the salt-water Loch Leven), a peculiar tree, with the top boughs flattened down like a table. B later came across the tree, but in a corry of Ben Cruachan. Mr. Legge, I daresay, will explain such facts on the "two-shoot" memory system. A and B never really dreamed of the corner of the house, or of the queer tree, but, on seeing them, had the feeling of having "been there before," and then *fancied* that they had dreamed of the objects, the entomological specimens being merely part of the unconscious fable. One thing I can swear to—that, in the visions beheld with shut eyes, before sleep, one does see faces and places that never were present in our waking experience, as well as others that have been present. Alfred Maury was very strongly convinced on this point. It will be replied that such faces and places are only "kaleidoscopic combinations" of actual experiences, like the centaur—half-horse, half-man. But the person who sees them feels prepared to take his affidavit that this is not so—that these experiences are originals, not refractions. The sceptic will say "Pooh pooh!" (at least on paper—nobody ever *says* "Pooh pooh!"), and there is the end of the matter.

Andrew Lang.

Longman's Magazine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In his just-completed novel "Chadshi Murat," Tolstoi returns to his experiences when, as a young man, he took part in the war against the Caucasian mountaineers.

The circulation of the Tauchnitz reprints is more limited than most people have imagined. The publisher reports that three thousand copies is a reasonably large sale, five thousand

an uncommonly large one, while out of eight hundred books which he published only six had a circulation of more than 10,000.

Mr. Richard Bagot disclaims all responsibility for the novel entitled "The Catholic" recently published anonymously.

The Scribners have planned an important library on art, which will represent all periods and schools. It will be edited by S. Arthur Strong, Librarian of the House of Lords at Westminster, and will include about forty volumes, the first of which, on Michelangelo, is already published. Only the greatest masters will be taken up in separate biographies: the rest will be treated in relation to their fellows and as forerunners and incidents of a development.

A book which boys will enjoy all the better for the suggestion of a sequel in its closing chapter is "Under Colonial Colors," by Everett T. Tomlinson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Its hero is a young Pennsylvania volunteer who shares the adventures and perils of Arnold's ill-fated expedition through the Maine wilderness against Quebec, and his story is told with a minuteness of detail that will delight those for whom it was written. There is less fighting and more hunting, trapping and canoeing in this book than in most of its class and it will be specially attractive to readers whose interests are in those lines.

They are a group of old friends under new names—the selfish husband, the devoted but delicate wife, and the doctor of indomitable will—that greet the reader as he opens Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's latest story, "Avery," and he will not have much difficulty in predicting the reactions of their several personalities upon each other. The author's characteristic style is too well known to need comment, but it may be remarked that her favorite theme is most effective when she treats it, as in this slender volume, at less length and with less *abandon* than sometimes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The notable success which Sienkiewicz' works have met here within the last few years, ensures attention for another Polish novelist whom Little, Brown & Co. introduce, also in a translation by Jeremiah Curtin. Alexander Giovatski is a graduate of the Universitity of Warsaw, and in his student days was involved in political uprisings there. Now a man of middle age, he occupies himself almost entirely with literature, as seventeen published volumes testify. Most of his fiction is concerned with Polish life and problems, but the novel which Mr. Curtin has chosen for translation is of the historical order, and bears the title, "The Pharaoh and the Priest." A massive volume of nearly seven hundred pages, and for the hasty reader somewhat overloaded with erudition, it still shows remarkable creative power, and will well repay a leisurely perusal. The scene is laid in the eleventh century B. C., when the decay of Egyptian power has already begun, and the central figure is young Rameses XIII, whose ambition to free his throne from the domination of the priesthood is the determining influence in the plot. His character stands out in fine relief against a crowd of nobles, priests, money-lenders, and envoys of various nationalities, and the reader's interest in his fate becomes really absorbing as the narrative draws to its tragic close. The style of the book is fitting to its theme, and there are passages of high imaginative and poetic quality.

IN THE WOODS.

Come into the dim forest of old sleep;
Wander with me, and I will lead you deep
Through paths of sun-warmed grasses and chill ferns,
Into the shadow where a green flame burns.
Hark! the swift rustle, wings among the leaves,
The curve of a dark sudden flight, that leaves
A quiver in the branches; dusky throats
Sob happily, a ripple of soft notes
Begins to soothe silence back again.
But listen, for the tiny voice of rain
Whimpers among the pattering leaves; they cry
With easy, shining tears, the sun will dry
Off their sleek faces; and the earth breathes in
The breath of rain, and nimble winds begin
To shake the hoarded odor of the wood
Out like a spendthrift. Cannot you and I
Forget to not be friends? This is July.

Arthur Symons.

The Saturday Review.

A MOTHER-SONG.

(Devon.)

Time wuz I 'ad a nest o' little chillern;
They chitter'd an' they chatter'd a' tha day;
An' what with a' tha feedin' an' tha mendin'
'Twuz li'l enough o' leisure come my way—
Sure 'nuff,
'Twuz li'l but toil an' moilin' come my way.

At marnin' 'twuz tha washin' chubby vaces;
At night 'twuz teachin' little 'earts to pray
'Twuz fillin' 'ungry mouths wi' fitty vittels,
An' scoldin' 'em an' blessin' 'em a' day—
My word!
'Twuz frettin' with an' blessin' 'em a' day.

'Twuz combin' 'em an' tidyin' an' brushin',
An' sendin' 'em to school-'ouse ivery morn;
An' settin' up o' nights when they wuz sleepin',
A-patchin' and a-mendin' what wuz torn—
My fey!
Tha tiny tummilled clothes that 'ad been torn.

But now tha chillern's left me, an' I wants 'em;
'Tes lonezome an' so quiet, dawntee zee;
My man is settin' smokin' or a-noddin',
But 'e can't fill tha chillern's place for me,—
No fey!
'E'll niver fill tha chillern's place for me.

They a' be gone away, grown men an' women—
They'm gone into tha town to make their bread;
The awnly one that bides a cheel for iver
Be yon poar little maidie that be dead—
Aw fey!
Tha awnly one that's wi' me is tha dead.

Arthur L. Salmon.

Pall Mall Magazine.

SPECULA.

When he appoints to meet thee, go thou forth—
It matters not
If south or north,
Bleak waste or sunny plot.
Nor think, if He thou seek'st be late,
He does thee wrong.
To stile or gate
Lean thou thy head, and long!
It may be that to spy thee He is mounting
Upon a tower,
Or in thy counting
Thou hast mista'en the hour.
But if He come not, neither do thou go
Till Vesper chime.
Belike thou then shalt know
He hath been with thee all the time.

T. E. Brown.